

Chatelaine

TEN CENTS

APRIL 1943



SPRING
CLOTHES

"You're a Budding Bernhardt, my dear...
but remember, talent isn't everything!"



"YOU HAVE talent to burn, child! But remember, talent isn't everything. A bright and appealing smile wins hearts and that's a great star's first duty. I may be old-fashioned, but I do know something about the modern care of teeth and gums. And if you ignore 'pink tooth brush'—you're not playing fair with your career."



"Take a tip from the shining stars of the theatre. Their smiles helped light their way to fame and fortune. But don't take an old man's word for all this! Play your next rehearsal at your dentist's. Let him give you the facts—the professional truth."



"No two ways about it—firm gums are important to sparkling teeth! And the soft foods you eat every day rob gums of needed work. Exercise your gums—massage them daily." (Note: A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"My coach certainly did me a great favor. I'm using Ipana and massage every day—twice a day—and the improvement in my smile is really thrilling. My teeth look brighter and that stimulating tingle as I massage my gums seems to say, 'You're helping us—we'll help you'."



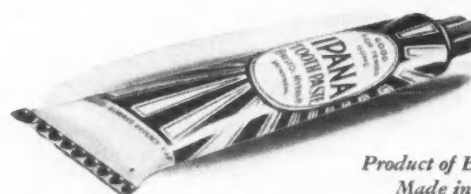
(Soliloquy of a Starlet) "My first appearance 'in lights'—and the future as bright as my Ipana smile! I pinched myself and it's really true. And I'm going to be everlastingly grateful to my coach, to my dentist and to that all-star feature of my beauty kit—Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"—heed its warning!

WHEN YOU see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may simply tell you that eating soft, creamy foods has denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums.

Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada

Start Today—with Ipana and Massage

Crisp, Crunchy OVEN-FRESH

WATCH for the smiles of pleasure you'll get when your family tastes Quaker Corn Flakes! They're malted, you see, so, extra tasty! They're deep-toasted, too, so extra crispy! And because of their flavour-sealed package, Quaker Corn Flakes are *always* delightfully fresh. Try 'em—for tomorrow's breakfast. It's a grand idea—and a thrifty one!



Order **QUAKER CORN FLAKES**
from your Grocer Today!

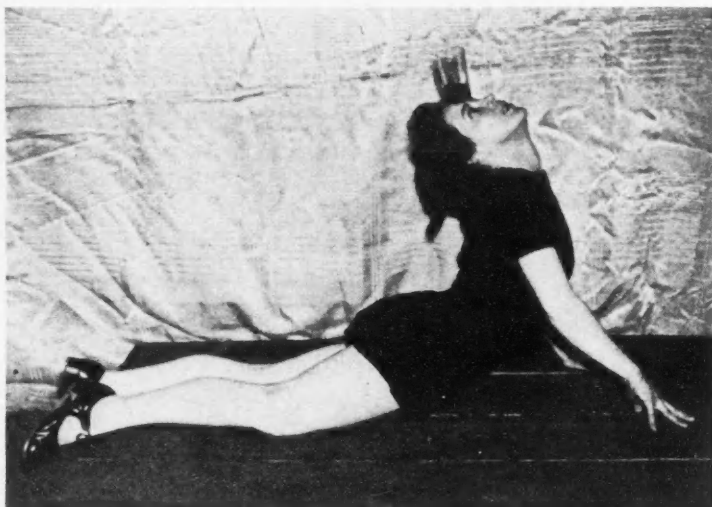


Here she's Pte. Lynda Tuero, C.W.A.C., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Collins of Toronto. In the Army Show she's the glamorous Lynda, formerly of Marquette and Lynda, dancing team of many years. Her partner is now Sgt. Hal Seymour of Toronto. (Lynda now has her sergeant's stripes.)

Army Show Girls

By Lotta Dempsey

They've been picked out, thirty-five of 'em, from the Canadian Women's Army Corps, along with a hundred soldiers, to form the Canadian Army show. If they haven't hit your town yet, they will soon, in a tour of Navy, Army and Air Force centres, and the larger cities before they go overseas. They're hard-working troupers in khaki—they sing and dance and wise crack, and they know how to form fours and tune up a jeep engine. The money they raise will go to an emergency fund for Army men and women. When they come your way give 'em a hand.



Back in Drumheller, Alberta, Frankie Cassidy didn't dream, when she joined the women's army, that she'd be doing acrobatic dancing in the Army Show. But here she is on stage—on the job.

Continued on page 2

It's a busy double life for these girls in khaki: greasepaint and footlights for the hours on stage; barracks life and Army discipline after hours



Pte. Bette Rennie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rennie of Toronto, was a filing clerk before the war. Now she's C. W. A. C. and does ballet dancing along with route marches, basic training.



Cpl. Maranda sings, in her enchanting French-Canadian way, in uniform, in the Army Show. But after a hard day's rehearsal on stage, she relaxes in her barracks room. Her father is Lt.-Col. Maranda, her brother a sergeant-pilot overseas. She used to be in an insurance company.



Only woman connected with the show who isn't in uniform is top-flight dance director Ada Broadbent. Her husband in the U. S. Air Corps, the Vancouver girl who has made good in a big way in Hollywood, came back to teach the dance routines in the Canadian Army Show. She's fresh from a starry atmosphere among famous names like Betty Grable—but she has no side, no impatience with the young C. W. A. C.'s, ninety-five per cent of whom were non-professionals. It's her war job — and she's making it a good one. See for yourself when the Army Show comes to town.



**I give you 4 Aids
to Beauty
in Just One Cream!**

**My one 4-Purpose Face Cream
ends need for other face creams**

WOMEN who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need *any other cream* for the care of their skin. For this one scientific face cream, *by itself*, takes care of 4 basic needs of the skin!

Just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly, but gently *cleans* your skin; (2) it *softens* your skin; (3) it *refines* the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect *base* for powder and make-up.

Helps these 6 skin troubles

Is your skin too dry? Do you have little lines around your eyes and mouth due

to dryness? Are the mouths of your pores distended by dirt? Do you have unsightly blackheads? Is your skin a little oily? Is it rough and flaky?

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream quickly ends all these skin troubles! It brings glowing new freshness and loveliness to your skin — makes your skin look lots younger!

Get Your Jar — Today

Try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Try it and see for yourself — in your own mirror — how much this one scientific cream does for the health and beauty of your skin. Get a jar today — and see how much fresher and lovelier your skin looks after just a few applications.



**WET FEET? TIRED?
EXPOSED TO GERMS?**

**LOOK OUT FOR A COLD
AND
SORE THROAT!**

**GARGLE WITH
LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
Quick!**

Anything that lowers your body resistance such as wet or cold feet, extreme fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, may make you easy prey to the germs associated with colds and sore throat due to colds.

Doctors often call such germs the "secondary invaders." Despite their ugly names, they may live harmlessly in the throat until resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and help to set up or aggravate infection.

Combat Those Germs

At such times what a wonderful first-aid Listerine Antiseptic is . . . gives Nature a helping hand in fighting off a "mass invasion" of threatening bacteria.

In tests, reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were noted ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

Fewer Colds In Tests

It is this marked ability to kill germs which accounts, we believe, for Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record made in tests over a period of 11 years. These tests showed that regular twice-



Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus, Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack

a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers.

This does not mean to hint that Listerine Antiseptic is a specific for colds and sore throats. We know of no such thing. We do believe, however, that Listerine Antiseptic's test record in combating colds makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution and first-aid treatment. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

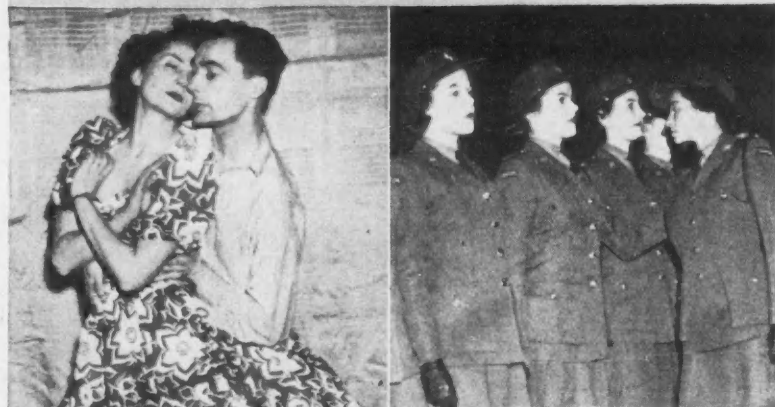
them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Antiseptic Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. **MADE IN CANADA**

The Show Goes On

Continued from inside cover



Glamour-stuff is what Lieut. Lisa Linaweaver of Montreal hands out plenty of in her dance numbers with Pte. Everett Staples of Winnipeg, in the Army Show. But she's a strict disciplinarian, inspecting her girls on parade. Her husband's serving in the Canadian Navy.



Pte. Frances Dugan of Halifax makes her upper bunk at the barracks at 6.15 a.m., like other trainees. But in the Army Show she does some unusual specialty dancing. She was a cipher officer in the Civil Service.



One-time Windsor, Ont., secretary, Mary Gilchrist, shines buttons before 7.15 breakfast at barracks; but when you see her she'll have stage make-up on, and be knocking out a mean tap and character number.

Hour OF NEED

By JOAN VATSEK

THE MORNING seemed almost a holiday, there was time before the Red Cross to spend an hour or so in the garden, to write a few letters, to think—although Elizabeth did not mean to think too much, for that headline about the draft last night bothered her.

She put on her gardening gloves and large magenta-colored straw hat. The morning sunlight, hot and sudden as it always was, shone through it and illumined her face, making it—if not beautiful, at least not ordinary. Color was what she needed; she wore it constantly. Even at the cocktail parties where most of the Cairo women wore smart black, she entered a room in brilliant green or glowing coral, conspicuous with her fine carriage and determined step.

Her son, Jerry, called it her "Duchess step." The last time she and Hal had been in America on leave, Jerry had asked them to give a party for his friends: "So they can see that you're real," he had explained with a grin. "And wear your Duchess shoes, Mom!" he had added. Jerry . . . it would be years before she saw him again. Well, it could not be helped. On her afternoons at the hospital ward to which the wounded were brought from Libya, she could only be grateful that Jerry was six thousand miles away.

She went first to the hollyhocks set against the stone wall that surrounded so many gardens in Egypt, and snipped and tweaked until they seemed to straighten in display of their flawless blooms. Proud hollyhocks, she thought, admiring them before she bent to the African daisies, a mass of multicolored petals at their base.

The flourishing of trees and flowers around her had become more of a solace, since the war, than she could explain—not that she forgot the tanks clashing in the fiery sun and sand, a few hours distance away.

"Good morning, Mrs. Grant."

Elizabeth looked up. It was one of the many young English officers' wives who lived near by. She had the baby with her, plump and new in his carriage, with her own blue eyes repeated in amusingly exact copy.

"Good morning, Anita," replied Elizabeth cordially. "Any news from Dirk?"

"Not today," she returned with a pretense of cheerfulness that was not quite so successful as usual. Some days were harder than others.

THE YOUNG things who lived in half a villa in Maadi on an Army or Air Force salary, skimping on clothes so that the children would have grass and shade in Maadi, the suburb of Cairo, were sure to find out sooner or later that Elizabeth was a good person to pass by of a morning. Not that she was effusive—she would only ask: "How is Dirk?" and then one could answer decently what the last news had been, and talk for a while of the husband who was away in the Libyan desert or in Palestine.

"I did have a letter two days ago," said Anita. "He seems to be enjoying himself. He wrote it just after Mess. He was feeling good, I gathered." She smiled.

Elizabeth smiled back. Wise to write a letter when he was feeling the better for a spot of something, she thought, unconsciously using the English turn of phrase to which she had become accustomed. When they had gone back to America last time—two years ago, that was—the talk on the streets had sounded almost strange, and even Jerry seemed

Perhaps the garden was a symbol of her marriage. She had planned it, nurtured it, and disciplined every wayward mood of leaf and blossom. Hal always said it was too orderly.





Lonely for a letter!..



Maybe it's your own fault. Have you been writing to him often enough? Are your letters making him cheerful, and happy? Making him want to sit down right then and there and pour out his heart to you?

And don't forget—the Parker Active Service Set will give him the finest writing kit a soldier could have. It has a handsome Parker Vacumatic Pen, and Pencil to match, in a neat leather case that fits into his tunic pocket in accordance with army regulations.

If he hasn't got a Parker Active Service Set now,—next to more letters from you, he'd like that best. See these sets at any good pen counter.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

¹
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE
Parker
VACUMATIC

♦ Pens marked with the blue Diamond are guaranteed for life against everything except loss or intentional damage subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

In the house she became systematic instead of naturally indifferent to details.

She no longer either started away or threw her arms around Hal when he came near her. She controlled each gesture before she made it. She would no longer be so wholly his, and he would gradually become more truly hers, in her steady determination to make him so. Now Elizabeth felt her sway over him was almost complete.

Only when sometimes he sat smoking his pipe and looking at her with that odd expression, half grimace, half pain, she would become impatient and turn away from his gaze, debating what it meant exactly.

Elizabeth tore herself back from her stray doubt. She clipped a few white roses and carried them in, allotting herself only half the time she would have liked to arrange them. There were things to do. Things to do.

She could hear Abdul and Idris talking in the kitchen. Had Idris finished cleaning upstairs so soon? She went up to look around. She called up and pointed to some dust. He nodded knowingly, grinning a little at her sagacity, and set to with a great flurry of duster and rag.

Elizabeth went downstairs, glancing at her watch. She had still fifteen or twenty minutes to write those letters she wanted to get off. She had made a point of keeping in touch with people in spite of the war.

Forcibly she dismissed Jerry, the draft, Hal, the war, and concentrated on the letters. One was to an aunt in London, another to an old school friend, and the third was a letter of condolence to someone she did not know very well, who had sent her an announcement of the death of her son in the Navy.

It was what people did when anything struck them deeply. A birth, a wedding, a funeral, had to be

announced not only to those who cared but to those who did not care particularly, because the importance outshadowed that fact. The formal bit of paper was a civilized and unsatisfying substitute for running through the village as the Arab women did, making the sound of joy or of lamentation for all to hear.

Elizabeth had a hard time with the last letter. She wrote without warmth—it was better to have nothing than such an answer. Suddenly she thought: "What if I were to receive this?"

SHE TORE up her answer, and sat quite stricken with the possibility. "Nonsense," she told herself. "I'll write the letter tomorrow." And tucking the letter back in its cubbyhole, she got up with a feeling of momentary relief, as if that were all there was to it.

She called in Abdul and checked off on her fingers what he was to get for supper.

"Aeva, ya badr," he kept saying, nodding. His neatly turbaned black head gave her a comfortable sense of security; it was associated with all sorts of delicious dishes, of curried rice and puddings, of strong seasoning and perfect after-dinner coffee.

He gave her back her well-being and safety as mistress of a gracious household, the wife of a prosperous man, the mother of an ever-distant son. Surely, she stopped herself severely, she wasn't going to start feeling guilty now about Jerry, just because somebody's son had been killed?

It would be a long time before she could book a passage, get on a ship, and sail in comfort to some American harbor where Jerry would be waiting for her eagerly. Where Jerry would be waiting for her, she repeated firmly to herself, reinforcing the fancy.

Her features, whose plainness she had almost subdued, were revealingly homely in him. Yet there

was something altogether lovable in that very homeliness, in the half-shy grin that came to his face when he caught sight of her as he waited on the pier, and his cry: "Hello, Mom! You look wonderful!"

It had always been "Hello, Mom!" first. She had imagined sometimes that Jerry was a little in awe of her handsome Hal, as if he could not be sure whether that were his father or not, just as she had not been sure as a bride whether that were her husband or not.

Yet when he was alone with his father they got along well enough, though quietly, never saying much. With her he talked as if a floodgate were opened, and wrote to her in the same way, as if he really found in her the perfect confidante who understood him, the two of them were so obviously alike.

When she and Hal had been away from him for a longer spell, he wrote her the most homesick letters. It was rather touching. They hadn't had a letter for quite a while now. Was anything wrong? No, of course not. Of course not—war mail, she replied to her own query.

She changed and walked briskly toward the Maadi club. One wing of the clubhouse had been turned over to the Red Cross.

There were heat waves in the air, strong visible vibrations that brought the delicate sweat to her forehead and cheeks, so that she arrived breathless. She greeted the others and sat down, her long narrow hands reaching for a pile of not yet folded bandages.

Most of the talk had a monosyllabic quality, and this morning she did not pay much attention to it. She could not get away from those vivid flashes of Jerry, speaking to her, saying, "Hello, Mom!"

Eighteen . . . would she have spent more time with him, if she had not been always absorbed by that single dominant fear of + Continued on page 38

His voice was sorrowful. "You never quite forgave me or trusted me again. So you turned into someone you thought could hold her own more securely. Liza, what a lot of life we've wasted."





to her to be using peculiar language for a future graduate of Harvard.

"And the baby?" pursued Elizabeth, coming nearer and putting out a finger for him to tussle with.

"He was a bit seedy last night—he kept me up. But you'd never know it. He looks all innocence this morning, doesn't he?"

"He certainly does. I think he looks like the healthiest baby in all of Maadi. And think of all the babies!"

Anita laughed. Her laugh released a certain catch in her voice, and when she stopped laughing her eyes were bright with more than laughter. She grasped the baby carriage and turned it expertly around on the sidewalk.

"Well, I'll be getting along," she said.

"See you soon!" said Elizabeth, returning to her work.

That sense of haste and rush was already catching up with her. In the last few minutes that Anita had stood there, she had been unconsciously opening and closing her scissors, with a sharp nervous sound. She had so much to do this morning—and every morning. The war was taking more and more of her time, leaving less for the personal things.

But what a small price to pay when she was still here, still with Hal, and Jerry was safe. Safe? Again that electric shock went through her. She had known, of course, that if it lasted long enough, Jerry would be in with the rest, but still, he seemed such a boy that she half hoped they would not take him for a man, yet! Eighteen . . . he had shot up so quickly, summer by summer . . . she had really had only a little share of his childhood, she thought, rather wistfully.

But after all, Egypt was no place for a child! She had sent him to excellent schools, and he had spent every vacation with them. It seemed a long time since that wonderful summer in the Laurentians. Whenever Hal had home leave, the three of them had spent it together, and on alternate summers when Hal had only local leave, Jerry had come out to Egypt.

It was much more of a lark for him, she told herself, even if the summer was unbearably hot and a few months in the woods might have made him browner and stronger for the next school year, but she did want to see Jerry at least during vacation, and she could not leave Hal to go to America every second summer!

She could not leave Hal because she had a vow to keep, never to leave him again for any reason. If she had not gone away that once, nothing would have happened. Hadn't he himself said so? Assured her of it?

"It was only because you weren't here, Liza, please believe me—please understand!"

Even when her mother was very ill, Elizabeth stayed. It had been while she was visiting her parents that Hal had been left alone in Cairo all one season.

SHE HAD kept her resolution in spite of the war—she would never forget that panicky feeling when the last American wives and children had been told to leave! Could she manage to remain? But she took her courage in her hands and steadfastly refused to go.

One of the American consuls warned: "You stay at your own risk. If anything happens to you, we're not supposed to take notice of it. You're outlawed, so to speak."

"What if I am?" she shrugged.

The consul gave her a strange look.

"What can happen?" she demanded.

"You mean a bomb may hit the house one of these nights and kill me or the both of us? A bomb might hit the ship—I'm as safe here as anywhere else. We've all got used to the air alarms."

"That's not the point," he replied. "The Government has asked the women to leave."

"But if I stay at my own risk?" she argued.

The consul was rather young for his post and took himself much too seriously, she thought with impatience.

"It isn't as if I had small children. Jerry is in the States, at Harvard. It would be ridiculous to go home for his sake. And my husband needs me here! He has a responsible position in the oil company, he's working harder than he ever worked before—he comes home dead tired!"

"So do the other men."

"But their wives left because of their children," she repeated.

She had got up and thrown the fine fox collar angrily around her shoulders.

"I won't go," she repeated. She tried a last smile, and he responded to it unwillingly.

It was so silly. Why on earth should she leave Hal?

Since then the war had made her stay in Egypt practically final. Who would demand that she travel now, when she had no real business to attend to in America, and was doing her full share of work here?

Undoubtedly she was safe for the duration. She was safe—safe in the only thing she cared about.

Her lips tightened. She picked up a long tendril of the crimson bougainvillea that meandered along the top of the stone wall, and pushed it in among the others.

The only trouble with her garden, Hal said, was that it was too orderly.

"Some pleasant sloppiness, my dear, is the most restful thing in the world," he would remark, reaching out a hand to take hers, and looking up at her with the face almost unchanged, with which she had fallen so desperately in love, twenty years ago.

SHE HAD wondered then, and still wondered occasionally, what he had seen in her: tall, gawky, young, with dark hair coiled neatly and unimaginatively framing her rather serious face with the great dark eyes that were her only beauty then, and her only beauty now.

She had not been outstanding in anything but a shy sort of dignity. She had not been popular among the girls and only casually noticed by the boys. She remembered the flurry that her engagement caused: "Liza is marrying the handsomest man! You should see him! How did she ever do it?"

She didn't know. It had never been clear to her why he had wanted her as promptly as she had wanted him. Even the first happy years of their life together had not given her full confidence; it was as if she were waiting for something to happen to prove that he couldn't really love her as wholly as she loved him.

She accepted all that he said with a touch of reproach, as if he must be lying to her. She wanted no more than the crumbs, and was overwhelmed by the feast—she almost wanted to run away.

Again that most painful moment of the past came back to her, the pleading look on Hal's face as he said, "Please understand!"

But a door had banged to in her heart that could not be opened again. For she had been confirmed in the distrust of her own happiness. She had been justified she felt, in her misgivings. She must guard more fiercely what was so unexpectedly hers!

She didn't blame him. She only blamed herself. For she was sure he had meant to be faithful to her. Could he help it if women turned to look at him, all sorts of women—Italian, Greek, French, English, Egyptian—all noticing him in one way or another? She could see them abruptly become aware of him, and each time she could feel herself tighten inside.

The others were always by, always ready, always hoping to be noticed by him—she was aware of them waiting beyond the circle of their marriage, and threatening it with their eyes, their lips, their arms.

She had become, after that incident of the cabaret girl, calculating in her serenity. She pretended to be sure of herself and sure of Hal. She found this very effective in keeping other women away, if, coupled with her apparent assurance, she was watchful—so watchful that she sometimes imagined she could hear the ticking of her own heart, in the intensity of her watching and listening.

Hal had been puzzled at her change. Formerly she had been careless about her clothes, now she chose them with care, testing the colors and lines as if they were cuirass and cutlass, the blade of a newly forged sword.

Happiness is an elusive thing. You can't wall it in or tie it down for your own private enjoyment. Elizabeth found that out when it was almost too late.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT JOUSSET



So Smart

dressing" (she threw back at us a few moments before taking off for parts west) "is to have only two colors in clothes, and those intermeshing. In the winter I wear navy and black, and in the summer powder blue and grey. I always have two-piece outfits because I'm so tall. It's usually a pleated skirt (cut to Wartime Prices and Trade Board requirements) and a tunic or coat top."

Trunks are out for Claire's travels, so she's got it down to a system of two bags: one medium-sized, one small.

Her lingerie is the type that washes out easily and can be left unironed if necessary. She has a very light wool dressing gown that can be slept in if need be.

Her winter blue and black outfits interchange, her fur coat is black and she has gloves of both colors and a pair of extra blouses—one tailored, one frilly.

Here she wears the navy dress with canary yellow surplice and turquoise blue insets. It's made from an old evening dress. Her feathered hat is navy.

Although she has learned to dress in "nothing-flat," Claire won't stint on time for her hair and face. She scrubs her face and brushes her hair within an inch of their lives each night, and rubs plenty of cream into her skin.

An all-day liquid powder is the ticket when your day may stretch into any number of busy hours, with no time for repairs. In travelling, she carries one bag with all her cosmetics so that she won't have to search for them. Her shoes are wrapped in tissue paper (also her clothes), and as soiled things accumulate, she puts them in a laundry bag and does them up once a week. There's no time to wait for laundry the way Claire moves. Her small iron is one of her most priceless possessions. She believes in having lots of fresh stockings always on hand, and a clean pair of gloves for every occasion.

BIG STORE STYLIST.

Mary Louise Robertson, of Toronto, always had the best-dressed dolls in the neighborhood. So it wasn't entirely surprising that she should grow up to become a stylist in one of Canada's great stores.

During the years she taught designing and draping in the United States, she used to make all her own clothes. But back home in Canada today, she finds her busy office life lends itself more to suits than other outfits.

However, for wear after hours she still turns out soft and lovely frocks like this one—a simple black dress with a wide ruffly piqué collar and a little white piqué hat that she also ran up in an evening.

"I'm a firm believer in the suit," she says. "You can look better turned out in one perfect, well-accessorized suit than in three or four mediocre outfits."

Mary Louise believes that many women fall down in accessories, which can make or break a turnout. She has an interesting theory that most women can be more than one type if they choose; but the point is to decide *which* type you want to be, and stick to it. She thinks it's wise to get one or two outfits, plan them to the last detail, and stick to them.

Like hundreds of other young Canadian business women, Mary



Roseborough

Louise often goes dating right from work. In her office she keeps a fresh pair of white gloves, a clean collar and a veil that can be tacked on to a tailored hat, and there's a small make-up kit in her desk drawer.

She loves smart lapel ornaments and earrings, and wears both with an air. One of Mary Louise's extra-curricular activities is teaching a Sunday school class of small girls. After the first lesson she was pretty pleased at the rapt attention she had held throughout and asked confidently at the close, "Any questions?" There was some nudging and whispering, and finally the most earnest listener acted as spokesman.

"We'd like to know what the middle initial in your earrings stands for," she said.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.

The Leigh Brintnell house in Edmonton, Alberta, is one of the most hospitable residences in a city of great hospitality. Time was when the wife of the president of a great aircraft repair company gave formal dinners for the constant flow of people from north, east, south and west who came to be their guests. But the war, and maidlessness, has not lessened but only altered the course of hospitality.

Mrs. Brintnell looks after her small children, entertains at simple buffet suppers, skis and skates. She does Red Cross and Junior League hospital work and with all this she always looks smart.

Here, for instance, she wears a dinner dress that she made out of two dresses of "years ago." The old black evening skirt was covered with net (cost, four dollars) and the lace tunic from another costume cut to a fitted basque with long sleeves. Just the kind of covered-up dinner dress that is so smart this year.

She says, "I think it is important to feel well-groomed these days. It has the same effect for a woman as a neat uniform has for a man. I do my job twice as well if I dress and put on my make-up instead of getting up and trying to do it all in a housecoat." Her program is: suits and sweaters for a cold country, worn with amusing accessories and a variety of blouses.



McDermid Studios



Gordon W. Powley



Roseborough

MOTHER OF SIX. You can see her any Saturday afternoon in Kitchener, Ontario, off to market by streetcar, with a paddy green basket and paddy green gloves, and a gay posy tucked in her peasant-tied head scarf. Stocking up for great family week ends when her twenty-eight-room house may ring with the commotion of her six daughters, sons-in-law, grand-babies, and her husband's and her own friends.

But every weekday morning at nine Mrs. W. R. (Angela) Lang enters her smart downtown dress shop, as chic and tailored a business woman as you'll find anywhere. And between running her house and her business, she manages to tuck in buying trips to Montreal and Toronto, War Savings speeches (sometimes to factory workers at six in the morning)



W. E. Edwards

QUEBEC DECORATOR. Irene Auger's name is synonymous in Quebec City with the charm and taste that distinguish many of French Canada's most attractive homes. And that means that she is here, there and everywhere—working with painters, weavers, paperhangers and builders, covering long distances and working long hours each day.

Yet she always looks so smart!

Mlle. Auger has the Frenchwoman's capacity for ingenious planning. She gathers her wardrobe twice each year and then—except for keeping it pressed and cleaned—forgets it. She says, "I choose the strict minimum of clothes I need—and that solves my matching problems. The more clothes I have, the more difficult I find it to be well dressed."

She loves rich colors and splashes them everywhere, both in her room decoration and her own clothes.

Since she is tall, dark and slim, she chooses clothes that are daring in line and color, without being flashy, and puts the accent on details. "Le petit détail," she says, "is supreme in importance, in these days of enforced standardization, to make every woman different from the other." Like most Frenchwomen she believes femininity the keynote of attractive dressing—and her own clothes lean to "dressy tailored," like this deep-to-light-blue wool with a peplum.

She Always Looks

and an executive post in the Business and Professional Women's Club.

And she always looks smart! "Health's the first thing," she says, her bright dark eyes sparkling. "And hard work is the best thing I know of for health, happiness and point of view." First-aids to grooming, she believes, are a woman's hairbrush and a bit of brilliantine. "Use the first with determination, the second with discretion, and your hair should be ready for your own most becoming hairdress." See the lustrous, high pompadour Mrs. Lang has achieved? It suits her chic unusual type.

"Don't be afraid to try something new," she advises. "Many women of forty are still dressing to their 'type' of twenty—which has completely changed."

She believes a woman's best fashion friend is her mirror, and that as she grows older she should do more tooth brushing, nail brushing and general grooming than ever before. Dark glasses, she says, are a great eye-and-wrinkle saver against snow or bright sun.

Her own wardrobe is small but pliable. The black and white skirt to this Rodier wool outfit interchanges with a white her-ringbone skirt and a long black dinner skirt. Her many bracelets and novel fisherman's head and fish pins are very distinctive.

SHE'S ON THE AIR. Claire Wallace, of Toronto, has probably dressed faster in more Canadian cities than any other woman of her time. As a Canadian Government spokesman to the women of Canada via radio, she streaks across country with the same ease and sparkle as she spins her news stories over the air. Yet through hectic hours of travel, interviews, script writing, daily broadcasts and one speech a week, she never loses that look of being all-in-a-piece—and a very effective one!

She always looks so smart.

Claire is as clean-cut about her style ideas as she is about her broadcasts. "The secret of quick



Carolyn Damon, Chatelaine's Fashion Editor, interviews half-a-dozen well-known busy women, and gets their tested recipes for smartness and good grooming

WEST COAST ARTIST. Myfanwy Spencer Campbell, of Victoria, works in an old smock and slacks, and usually has a smear of paint across her retroussé nose. None of your fancied getups for the studio! Her practice clothes—for she spends many hours a day at the piano as well as at her easel—are equally simple. But since the war the young artist has wandered far afield from her sunny Pacific Coast studios, and executed many commissions for portraits in different parts of Canada, all in aid of the Canadian Red Cross. Travelling with her paintings (including this interesting self-portrait) she has chosen useful, serviceable clothes, simple in line and beautiful in color. "I haven't bought anything, practically, since the war," she points out. She likes her clothes and wears them for years, because she designs them without regard to current styles or fads, but purely to suit her own taste and personality. She loves soft colors, like this greyed olive green skirt and cape, with its beaver trimming. Her light sweater contrasts with the darker tone of the suit; there's an extra jacket too.



I reached out an imploring hand. "Nicky, don't be cross." He glared and kept on walking faster than ever. "Cross! I'll burn the joint down."

"Cross!" He glared at me. "I'll burn the joint down." And he went inside and slammed the door.

YOU SEE? That's the way he was, spoiled and vicious, just as Pop said. Nevertheless, I felt weak with love as I sat on the balcony railing and bit my nails. There was no use fighting it; I would never care for anyone else. Why couldn't it have been my luck to fall for someone chivalrous and upright, with a good disposition, like Fos? He was everything Nicky wasn't . . . worth while, a hard worker, who always got you home at a decent hour and gave you a tip for the ladies' room instead of borrowing money so he could get his hat. Yes, Fos was perfect. Too perfect . . . the chemical reaction between us was as flat as a dead firecracker. There must be something sinister about my soul, I thought, to be so impervious to good and so touched off by evil.

With that in mind, I went to my room and wantonly changed to my new bathing suit, white and fluttery, for sitting under the sun on a clear blue day. When I started downstairs, I saw that Nicky was already below. He was wearing faded blue shorts that made his skin look browner than ever and a towel slung about his neck, and was going through the records by the phonograph. *If he plays that one I'll die*, I thought, gripping the railing. He looked up at me as the first sweet sad notes sounded. Whose revenge was it anyhow, I wondered, sinking down on the steps.

I was back in the theatre, that night so long ago, holding Nicky's hand. It was a play with music, old-fashioned waltzes sounding sweetly on the strings and echoing sadly in the heart. When we came out it was raining and we had to stand in the crush under the marquee waiting for a taxi. Usually there would have been a few pointed quips for such a situation, but not that night. Nicky was pale and drawn, the way I felt. My hand lay in his, an unspoken pledge between us . . . we seemed to be waiting for something we both knew would happen, something beyond this world. And it did. In the taxi, as soon as the door slammed behind us, he put his arms around me. My hat fell off and I closed my eyes against the rain beating on the windows. I waited for him to say something, some word, but none came until I murmured, "We'll be very happy, won't we, Nicky?"

There was a silence, a long silence while the taxi's tires squealed around corners and voices came in through the windows at cross streets. When finally, sick with shame, I glanced at him, his head was back against the cushions; there were tight lines around his mouth. He looked very old. "Yes," he said without opening his eyes, "we're going to be very happy, living on your father's money."

I turned away, to the blurred lights outside. Pop's money! He wouldn't give me a cent if I married Nicky and I well knew it. But I was afraid to say so . . . I didn't dare . . . for fear I would never see him again, and that was all I cared about in the world. I wasn't sure . . . how could I be, after the gossip, the fable everyone whispered that he was lazy, a playboy who would certainly never marry unless the girl had money, lots of it.

There was a long silence after that night, and he was not the one to break it. When I did hear his voice coming into the receiver I held in a trembling hand, it said casually, so casually I wanted to scream, that he was sorry, he was going away to training school. "Besides, Millie, don't you think you and I are getting too old to do anything but wave to each other at parties?"

Parties . . . as if there would be any more parties. And if there were, I thought of the girl Nicky would bring, laughing and gay, having more fun than anyone, and of Nicky himself, raising his hand to me briefly across the roomful of uniforms . . . and I cried, "Oh, no."

THE NEEDLE was spinning around and around at the end of the record; blindly I stumbled outdoors into the sunlight. Jane sat at the edge of the pool and pointed to Fos, churning through the water like the wake of a boat. "I'm counting laps," she said in a bored tone. "He wants to do five miles before lunch."

I didn't answer. The sun shone flatly on the blue water; the trees were lifeless, the sky oppressive. My cunning plans for revenge + Continued on page 22

Wherever You Are

IT'S WONDERFUL what a uniform can do, I thought. It changes the wearer's whole personality, although the idea gave me a distinct jolt as I gazed on Nicky for the first time in his Air Force blue. "Go away," I murmured, putting a hand over my eyes. "Please go away."

He twisted around to see if maybe something was crawling on him. "What's the matter, don't I look like the real McCoy? Look. Feel." He held out his arm. "It's not stuffed. It's real. It's me."

I drew back from his outstretched hand. That was no way for me to keep cool and detached, especially when I hadn't seen him for so long. "I believe you," I said firmly. No matter what, I didn't want him to think I was like the others, even my own father who long after Nicky had departed for training refused to give up their notions about him and predicted he would never make it. "Not Nicky Carter. Look at the way he's always avoided work. Look at the way he went through his family's money. Why, what's he ever accomplished except to wear out a chair at a night club."

Well, he had certainly made it, because there were his wings as large as a robin's to prove he was a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force. But in getting them something had happened I struggled to put my finger on. I watched as he straightened his shoulders against the chair back and folded his arms. All at once, he looked startlingly as if the nickname suited him, as if the wag who had ironically dubbed him Nick until no one could remember he was really Huntington Blackford Carter, III, had been right after all.

"The next thing, you will be flexing your muscles," I murmured.

He nodded, smug and conceited and for a moment quite like his old self as he saluted in the mirror across



Fos was the practically perfect type; he always got a girl home by eleven o'clock.

the room. We were in Pop's study, which had recently been done over, sitting by the windows that looked out on the terrace, and from time to time a car would go past on the roadway beyond. "Not like the old days," he observed, a little sadly.

I took down my hand. Maybe he hadn't changed altogether. Somehow I didn't want him to, or if he did, I wanted to be the cause. I couldn't bear the idea of Nicky's doing noble deeds while I was left behind. I myself am allergic to high ideals because Pop has so many, or so he says.

"I don't want to make light of your efforts," I said in a prim voice. "You must have to work terribly hard."

His blue eyes laughed at me from his tanned face, and I remembered all over again how the features fitted together in just the right way beneath his dark hair. He was six feet tall and strong as rope, although it was his proud boast that he had never taken any exercise or done a lick of work in his life. Now he looked as if he had just finished a lot of both.

"You probably have to work so hard you don't even have time to write letters." I knew I sounded forlorn from the look that came over his face, sort of like a cat gulping down a few last feathers.

"I keep busy." He turned his hands over and examined them. "However, this week end"—he paused for a maddening minute to rub a spot on his palm—"if you're going to be at your camp I might be able to make it. I promised the Squadron Leader I'd borrow his car," he added modestly.

I let that go as my mind leaped ahead to the week end. The last time I had seen Nicky had been a nightmare, a nightmare our eyes acknowledged even while we chatted away like platonic friends. But if he came to camp . . . maybe I would have my revenge, after all. Maybe in the soft beguiling starlit air he would commit himself . . . finally. It was all I wanted, because I was going to turn him down; he was conceited, disrespectful, lazy, unambitious . . . everything Pop said. But I wanted the pleasure of turning him down. Oh, how I wanted that exquisite pleasure, to make him pay for all the times and for especially one time I had hung on his words . . . waiting . . . and there hadn't been any words, only blown rain on the roof and the slamming of a door.

It was sweet to contemplate . . . Nicky sitting in front of our feudal rock fireplace while Pop, who always softened at the sight of a uniform, plied him with cherished stock from his pre-war cellar. "Have some more, my boy. Can't tell when you'll get any like this again." And later on, Nicky and I walking on the terrace under the moon. He would draw me to one of the couches by the pool and beg, "Millie, can you ever forgive me? I've been a fool." Triumphant at last, in my new white lace, I would turn a cold, moon-touched face. "I'm sorry, Nicky . . . it's too late . . . you have waited too long . . . there is another . . ."

My eyes must have looked like Christmas tree lights as I carolled, "It will be lovely to have you at

camp once more," for he took my shoulders and turned me toward the windows. He didn't say a word, just laughed his low chuckle, and I realized how clever I would have to be to get him in a sentimental mood again, or even a serious one.

TRUE TO his promise, he drove up to camp in the Squadron Leader's car; at least it was some official car, with awesome gleaming shields and labels so thick you could hardly see Nicky's grinning face. He unfolded himself onto the driveway as Jane and I, on our way to the pool, wonderingly scattered magazines and sun glasses over the lawn. Jane Treholme was my bosom companion and had invited herself for the week end in order, she said, to keep me strong. She must have known my limitations better than I did. She had also promised to take care of Fos Prescott, and glad to take care of anything that even resembled a man. She said it was all my luck to have two over one week end, but I wasn't so sure. Fos had been one of the bright young men in Pop's firm before the draft got him, and I knew Nicky would as soon share his leave with a wolf. That he was going to have to share the same room as well was something I was at a loss to disclose.

I led the way into the house and took as long as I could over closing the door. "By the way," I said carelessly, "while I think of it, you're to bunk with Fos."

Nicky gave a nasty laugh and went right on walking, taking longer strides than ever. "My clever little Millie. I suppose if there was a skunk in the house you'd say, 'don't look now but do you smell something burning?'"

I ran after him. "It's not my fault. I don't want to have anything to do with him. Anyhow, we can slip away, just you and I."

We were going across the big downstairs room that took up the whole first floor. Pop had built the cabin as sort of a retreat when I was little. When he asked me what kind of a house I wanted, I replied, "A log cabin. Like the one in the story books." So that's what we had, with a swimming pool set in clumps of trees and flowered walks. Also here and there on the lawn were iron deer and cupids Pop had brought home from Europe. No wonder people came and stared over the hedges.

"Why should we?" Nicky demanded, starting up the stairs. "You'd make a handsome couple if you could get him to wear lifts in his shoes." This was unfair, as Fos was only shorter than me when I wore high heels.

There was a staircase going up either side of the room, which led to a balcony that ran around the second floor. I went up the opposite one from Nicky, pleading with him. "You aren't going to spoil the whole week end, are you?"

"I spoil the week end?" He walked around to Jane's room, which always used to be his. "That's very funny."

I reached out an imploring hand. "Don't be cross."

By **DOROTHY BRAHAM**

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

If moonlight and roses won't make a man propose—a rival with a croquet mallet can be a great help

Here

brim and wears it away back on her head. The prettiest tucks two great roses and some leaves on the front. The most exotic sweeps the brim back, catches it here and there, and studs it with decorative doodads. The very feminine creature pins on a soft satin bow and swathes it in veiling. The smartest teams it with matching bag and gloves and narrows the brim down to bowler width.

And they all wear them at different angles!

Of course we haven't chosen a dozen hats cast from the same block here. But you can see that the trimmings and the deft twisting of crown and brim are what make the hat in every case; hats that range in a sweeping arc from severe to spellbinding.

To save materials, the W.P.T.B. is discouraging the vogue of hats made to match our clothes. But nobody can stop us from having them to match our faces, and our hair-dos, and our personalities. There'll be twelve colors in felt and six in straw to choose from—enough for everybody's special whim, surely to goodness! And flowers are riotous, there's a rainbow of veils and feathers, and bows are tricky and ingenious. Besides, we can still get gloves in lots of shades and styles, and the gayest and smartest of bags in plenty of designs and sizes.

SO CHECK your hats here for spring smartness, and don't be shy of turn-back and roller-coaster brims, or high-riding crowns like the ones in "Dashing Hats."

Don't rear back at a Gibson Girl model with great luscious roses dripping over your alabaster forehead, or a stovepipe item with a matching bag in plaid, like the ones in "Giddy Hats."

Be tailored if you will, in a bowler or a pancake, but be sure your gloves and bag and footgear are chosen in the same spirit.

And be as strong as you choose about your principles or your pride, but weaken like a child in a jam cupboard when you look at "Frothy Hats." Especially if That Man is leave-taking in the springtime. Masses of tiny flowers with a big velvet bow, lace that drips off your brim and edges your gloves, or a feather-bound pierrette cap are in the line of duty when you're on parade for the Navy, the Army or the Air Force.

And if you're not listing a lid in your

"must" budget this year, get out the old numbers you've been carrying away back on the closet shelves. A good steaming and brushing, some shaping, stitching or binding and a little uninhibited ad-libbing in the use of flowers, veils or feathers will bring them right in line with this on-to-Victory season.✦

Frothy Hats

SKETCHES BY MILLER

They're frankly heady stuff,
the new toppers — full of
feminine guile, and in bold,
brave colors to match our
on-to-Victory spirit

Check Your Hats

By CAROLYN DAMON

MAYBE it's because we're going to pare our spring wardrobe budget right to the bone. Maybe it's because women in the services aren't properly dressed without their hats, or because the girls in munitions plants wear bandannas on the job. Whatever it is, we're hat-conscious this year to a very special degree.

We're thinking about hats—new ones, or old ones done over to fool the public. We're planning them . . . gay and giddy, trim and tailored, dashing and daring, frothy and frilly. You can take your choice to suit your mood or your manner, and be right up there with the fashion firsts with a fine disregard for size, shape or trim.

There's only one dictum you mustn't ignore. It's the standard set by the servicemen for you . . .

"Lady, be lovely!" "Please stay pretty."
"We like you feminine!" "Don't be dowdy."
And it's the hat that turns the trick, whether

you're wearing your all-weather, all-purpose suit, or your year-before-last black crepe or a brand-new number.

WE TALKED to manufacturers and stylists and a lot of hard-working Canadian girls this year before we had our artist sketch this page for you. They all agree that with clothes cut to standard so much more than ever before, women would make up the personality slack in hats. Because you can't standardize 'em. Take half a dozen pea-in-a-pod shapes and hand them over to half a dozen women. The youngest turns up the

Dashing Hats!

Siddy Hats!

Tailored Hats!



The band started to play, the parade lined up and the people cheered, as Bill, with Molly on one arm and the mayor's daughter on the other, was piloted through the crowd.

Illustrated by
W. A. WINTER

the gate," he said. "I was a fool to ask her, but I had to know where I stood. I know all right now," he added bitterly. "She was sorry for me, Molly. She said, 'You poor sweet boy . . .'" His voice was rough and mocking, but he couldn't hide the misery and the loneliness.

"I—I guessed," Molly admitted helplessly.

Bill laughed again. He flipped his cigarette; it made a bright spiral and a faint hiss when it struck the water. Molly ached with love, she hurt all over with helpless love.

Bill reached for her hand. "You're a sweet kid," he said. "You'll think of me sometimes—my chief mechanic?" And then his voice broke. He said, "Molly, Molly, Molly." She felt his lips against her hair, and it was a shock, like lightning, quivering through her veins. He tilted her face up and kissed her on the lips. He said, "You and me, Molly. How about it? Will you marry me, honey, when I get back. Will you, Molly?"

She didn't know what to say. The water was lapping against the dock. She could hear that—she would hear it all her life. And he had his arms around her now. "I'll take care of you, Molly," he said. "We'll go places together—we'll show them!"

By "them" he meant Serena. Molly understood that. But suddenly she didn't care. Bill was unhappy

and alone. She'd make it up to him, she'd take care of him, it was all she'd ever want out of life . . .

She put her arms around his neck; she didn't know she was crying. She said, "Of course, darling . . ."

It was dark, and he smoothed the short curls back from her forehead, and they could hear the water lapping against the dock . . .

AND THAT was how she'd caught Bill Corning. On the rebound, the very night Serena turned him down. They had had three days before he left—time enough to announce their engagement, and go to two parties, and have their picture in the *Bugle*. Molly had schooled herself to a kind of unbelieving happiness. But all the time she had felt confused and breathless and strangely unreal.

And then the last day came, and a crowd went down to the station to see them off. Bill stood at the end of the train, grinning and waving, at her or maybe at Serena, who had come along too . . . And then the train rounded a curve, and you couldn't see him any more.

But pretty soon there was the excitement of the mail, and that helped a lot. Molly wrote long chatty letters about the doings at home. And Bill wrote back—scrawling, lengthy pages, with detailed descriptions of the boats and engines, and feet over all, and revs,

and "Boy, she's a honey. I'm getting a lot of ideas for that business of ours, Molly!"

She poured over the letters, and gradually she thought about Serena hardly at all. She wouldn't be thinking of her now if the photographer hadn't said, "Can you tell me how he proposed, Miss Drysdale . . .?"

And that, she thought savagely, pulling at the weeds, that was something she'd never tell anyone—ever.

But she thought about it more than she had before. And as the days passed the continued publicity began to have a curious effect on her. The picture of Miss Molly Drysdale in her garden, for instance. It was headed: "Childhood Sweetheart," and that, Molly couldn't help realizing, was hardly the way to refer to the barely tolerated Chief Mechanic! Then there was another—a picture she'd had taken in high school, and this one bore the caption, "Beloved by a Hero." When Molly saw that she felt sick all over—like a fraud, like a girl who is flaunting something that doesn't belong to her at all!

Bill had been wretched and lonely, and she had wanted to make him happy. She hadn't intended—never in the world had she intended to trap him unfairly! She had been there, and she had felt his lips against her hair, and she'd + Continued on page 18

What were you thinking?

By ANNE HOMER WARNER

MOLLY HEARD the news first from a press reporter. He called up at eleven o'clock at night from the city—no one in Merrick ever phoned at that hour. And when she answered he asked eagerly, "Is this Miss Molly Drysdale? Are you by any chance the one who's engaged to Lieutenant Bill Corning?"

There are some moments you can't bear to think back on, and this was always one of them for Molly. But she was never able to forget the long shuddering stillness before she said, trying to speak calmly, "Yes, tell me quickly, has anything happened to Bill?"

The man must have sensed the urgency in her voice, because he said at once, "Nothing bad, he's all right." And then he added, more cheerfully, "The guy turned himself into a hero last night, Miss Drysdale. Torpedoed a German sub in the Mediterranean right under the eyes of the convoy fleet, and him and his crew in an M.T.B., not much more than seventy feet long . . ." The astonished admiration in his voice seemed to sing out over the wires.

Molly found she was crying. "Thank you," she gasped. "Thanks for telling me." And then she hung up, and her knees were trembling, and at first she didn't think of telling anyone. She just sat there, in the square little hall, and thought about Bill—not in the Mediterranean, but right here in Merrick, working around with his boats.

There was a smudge of oil on his chin, and his old pants were greasy beyond repair. And he was saying to his chief mechanic, "It won't work, Molly. I can't manage it . . ."

And she was scolding back, "But you can, Bill. I just know you can . . ."

HIS CHIEF mechanic, he had called her, ever since she was twelve years old, and started helping him with the boats. He'd called her that long before he'd met Serena Blake . . . Molly put the memory of Serena resolutely out of her mind. That was over and done with. And Bill was out in the Mediterranean now, and just last night he and his crew had sunk a German sub.

It didn't seem possible! And yet it was—it had happened, and it was all part of this strange, heightened, unreal world they lived in nowadays. She began to cry again, and her mother heard her, and hurried anxiously down the stairs. "Molly, has anything happened?" she asked gently.

Molly shook her head, and she looked up, and her grey eyes were starry. She didn't need to answer. It was all there in her face—radiant and incredulous and believing. "Don't worry, mother," she stammered. "Bill's fine. A man called up from the newspaper. He's done something wonderful . . ."

And that night it seemed as though the wonderful thing he had done belonged wholly to Molly.

But the next day it belonged, quite obviously, to the entire town. The Merrick Bugle ran a large picture of Bill, grinning and shamefaced, as though he were scared of the camera. And over the picture a big black headline: Bill Corning a Hero. Local Boy Torpedoes German U-Boat.

There were several versions of the news dispatches—a blurred picture of a German sub, a clearer one of a motor torpedo boat, and a whole page of tributes from people who had known Bill. His crew praised his coolness in face of danger. His teacher said he had

been good at mathematics, and had never cared about organized games. The minister said that he had several times come to church. A dozen people remembered that he was talented, humorous and a valuable citizen. Just before he left, the paper recalled, he had announced his engagement to Miss Molly Drysdale, his childhood sweetheart.

Molly read the accounts over and over. She wished Bill could see them. And she wondered just what ironic remarks he would make. Because, until now, the town had been more than a little scornful of Bill Corning. He was poor, he had no family, so he had lived around in furnished rooms; and, in the town's opinion, he had been shiftless and lazy. Messing around with boats, trying to invent things, never willing to take a civilized job—that's what the town had thought until now . . . A putterer, they had said, with no ambition, and not a cent to his name.

Only Molly knew how hard he worked, how discouraged he became, how desperately he clung to the old boathouse, and the few secondhand engines, the ancient, battered hulls . . . She knew, because from the age of twelve she had been his skinny, freckle-faced little slave. He'd called her The Pest, quite cheerfully; but he'd explained things to her, and let her sweep out the boathouse and clean pieces of machinery. And he'd never seemed to realize when she began to grow up—not until that last week, anyway, and maybe not even then. Molly had never been sure.

The day after the first news stories a photographer came around to take her picture. She was out in the garden, in blue jeans and a yellow shirtwaist; her red-brown hair was stuck behind her ears, and her grey eyes had a look of sleeplessness. The papers had told about the heroism of Bill and his crew as their tough, fast-moving little ship dashed out to sea to attack the German prowler. His work in the Navy had never seemed real before. But now she had taken to dreaming about Bill, scuttling out into the darkness, grinning and defiant . . .

She couldn't help the dreams, and she woke up frightened. The photographer said, "That's fine, just as you are, Miss Drysdale. Working in your garden—it'll go over big with the readers."

Molly gulped and tried to smile, and weeded the radish bed with her head becomingly posed in a way that made it quite impossible to see the weeds.

"Splendid, splendid!" the photographer said. "Now, Miss Drysdale, could you give me a little interview? How Bill Corning proposed, for instance. That kind of stuff."

And the quick tears stung behind her lids, but she was still smiling. "I can't think of anything right now," she said. "Perhaps another time . . ."

The photographer grinned, and packed up his equipment; and when he had gone Molly pulled savagely at the weeds, and hardly saw them at all. He had said, "How Bill Corning proposed . . ." As though that were the simplest question in the world. And she had been trying so hard to forget, and she couldn't ever . . .

BECAUSE EVERYONE knew, as well as she did, that she had caught Bill Corning on the rebound. He had loved Serena Blake quite openly for over a year. He'd worn his heart on his sleeve, and followed at her heels, and been humble and despairing and



transparent—for Bill certainly was anything but subtle.

And of course Serena had laughed at him. She was beautiful and assured and the most popular girl in town. She had glossy black hair and a smooth provocative mouth; her clothes were daring and she danced exquisitely. She could have had any one of a dozen young men, so why should she take seriously a gangling shiftless boy, without a cent to his name?

She didn't, of course. But his adoration was flattering, so she let him hang around. And sometimes, when they were working on the boats, he'd ask Molly's advice. He'd say, "What do you think, Monkey? Should I take dancing lessons? I'm a lug at it now . . ." Or else he'd say grimly, "If I could put this darn spark plug device across there'd be money in it. Money can be pretty useful sometimes, Molly."

And she'd known he was thinking about Serena, and laying plans for the future.

And then he joined the Navy and they'd ordered him to an East Coast port. That had happened last summer, and there'd been a dance at the club his last week at home. A crowd of them had gone. Serena had worn a filmy black dress with a dramatic bright green panel; her slippers were green too, and her black hair hung to her shoulders.

Bill was like a man in a daze that night. He danced with Molly and stumbled all over her feet. He danced with Serena and persuaded her to go outside and walk on the pier that extended beyond the clubhouse out into a little bay.

A half hour later Serena came back alone, and was caught up in the whirl of dancing. But Bill didn't come back, and Molly worried, and finally went looking for him. She found him at the end of the pier, a shadow in the blackness, his shoulders hunched, his feet dangling almost to the water. She sat beside him, and she didn't notice when the rough boards made a rent in her pretty flowered dress. She wasn't aware of the dress—only of Bill, so utterly miserable on almost his last night at home.

"Hello, Monkey," he said, but he didn't look at her.

She didn't know what to say, and so the two of them stared out into the blackness. He lit a cigarette and handed her one, and then he laughed. "She gave me



A SUPPER THAT DOESN'T MIND WAITING *for a worker who doesn't watch clocks*

It's meals at all hours, meals at odd hours in Canadian homes these busy days! And Campbell's Vegetable Soup fits right into this wartime picture. It's so grand-tasting, so satisfying, and so easily and quickly prepared. You heat it and eat it. Anyone can do it, and practically everyone loves its full, homey flavour.

This hearty "meal-in-a-minute" is so good for hard-working Canadians. In a rich beef stock, golden corn, tender peas, fresh carrots and other garden vegetables are slowly, gently cooked in the good old-fashioned way.

Why not be sure you're all set to serve delicious hurry-up meals at odd hours, by keeping Campbell's Vegetable Soup on your pantry shelf?



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The Working Man
Needs all his vim;
Campbell's is
The Dish for him!



MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS



V

is for Vegetables, Vitamins, Victory

By Frances C. Steinhoff

Sketches by Laura Gibson

THIS IS a grow-your-own year. The vegetables which will travel the shortest, quickest route to the consumer—from backyard to table—will be of leading importance in helping to balance the foodstuffs budget for the Allied Nations.

Many new factors contribute to the urgency of the situation. Rationing of gasoline, difficulties of transportation and deliveries, shortage of manpower, shrinkage of world supplies, Canada's overseas commitments, and ever-increasing consumption by the armed forces and war workers have thrown a new responsibility on the civilian population.

Fortunately, thousands of erstwhile summer travellers will be holidaying in their own backyards, and their energies may very profitably be turned to emergency food gardens. Seed is in good supply this season, and we are assured that, with intelligent planning and planting, there will be ample for all determined Victory gardeners.

Home vegetable gardens have the blessing of nutrition experts, too. Varieties essential to health can be grown in a very small space—for instance, carrots, lettuce, parsley, beans, and the all-important tomato. Even a sunny window box can grow vitamins in the form of parsley or chives.

BEFORE LAUNCHING into any new scheme, large or small, it is important, first of all, to consider the suitability of the site. One infallible rule should be kept firmly in mind, and that is: ALL VEGETABLES REQUIRE AT LEAST SIX HOURS OF FULL SUN DAILY. They will not thrive where there is shade from overhanging trees or where the soil is infested and depleted by tree roots. Nor will they develop properly in barren soil or one filled with stones or debris from excavations of buildings. A further requirement is that the soil should be well drained.

Vegetables are heavy feeders, and it is necessary to provide them with a rich all-round diet. Fortunately, over a period of time practically all soil can be improved by introducing fertilizers, and the texture of hard clay can be loosened by the addition of commercial moss or even coal ashes. Moss added to sandy soil will help retain moisture and prevent valuable plant nutrients from leaching away.

The ideal fertilizer is barnyard manure as it adds humus or decaying vegetable matter in addition to necessary nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. Its scarcity has led to increasing use of commercial fertilizers, comprised of varying proportions of these three plant foods.

The majority of vegetables also benefit if lime is spread in winter and mixed thoroughly into the soil as early as it can be worked. Average soil will take 100 to 200 lb. a year on a plot 50 feet square.

Where land is plowed in the autumn it is customary to apply a heavy blanket of fertilizer then. During the winter weathering it becomes incorporated, and when the soil is turned over in spring a rich food content for the vegetables is assured. Failing a fall application, it is necessary to provide one in the spring, using either well-decayed horse manure or cow manure. Poultry manure is very concentrated as it lacks the straw humus of the others,

and it should only be applied near plants after being thoroughly mixed with other soil—else it will burn the plants.

In choosing the area for vegetables, be sure to select as open a space as possible where the sun will pour in all day and excess moisture will be carried away naturally or with the aid of submerged drain tile. Few vegetables will stand soggy damp soil, so some provision must be made to drain off standing water. Sometimes it is feasible to raise planting beds in the small yard several inches above the general level.

A VERY thorough preliminary preparation of the soil is one of the basic secrets of producing fine vegetables. Plowing or deep hand spading should be followed by breaking up the soil until it crumbles finely and the fertilizers are evenly incorporated. Finally the soil should be raked smooth to make an even bed for seeding. It must be kept in mind that the garden is not all sown at one time, some seeds being more tender than others. Many gardeners with more than the average-sized area prepare only the parts that are actually being seeded, leaving the other parts in a semi-rough state until actually to be used. This prevents the soil from becoming hard and baked. And again we emphasize the importance of removing all stones, debris or other foreign materials such as tree roots. Baby seedlings become stunted and dwarfed if they have to combat these obstructions, and vegetables grown under such unfavorable conditions are never first-grade.

Those gardeners who are faced with adverse conditions of site that cannot be corrected might better pool their resources with other vegetable-minded neighbors in a community effort choosing a field or vacant lot where growing conditions are favorable. Failing that, the various Provincial Farm Services are sorely in need of help for market gardeners and farmers. With processed

✦ Continued on page 54

WHAT TO PLANT

A garden 25' by 30' will easily accommodate all the following:

Chives
(perennial)
Lettuce
Onions
Parsley
Pepper Grass
Radishes
Beans
Beets
Carrots
Peas
Tomatoes

For a big garden add some or all of these to the selections listed at left:

Broccoli
Brussels
Sprouts
Cabbage
Cauliflower
Corn
Cucumbers
Eggplant
Lima Beans
New Zealand
Spinach
Parsnips
Peppers
Potatoes
Pumpkins
Squash
Swiss Chard
Turnips

And here are some of the less frequently grown vegetables:

Asparagus
Celery
Chinese
Cabbage
Celeriac
Endive
Kale
Kohlrabi
Leeks

Note: Asparagus is a perennial and does not yield until the third spring after planting year-old plants.

Most of them arrived at the airport a good hour ahead of time. They stamped and whistled, and the children thought every speck in the sky was a plane. Molly sat in the shiny blue car. It was hot, and the heavy corsage of flowers pulled at the thin gold linen of her dress. Her short curls glinted in the sun, and her grey eyes still had that look of sleeplessness.

"I can just imagine how you're feeling, Molly!" they'd all say, again and again, and she'd try to smile. But she felt dazed. None of this was real. It couldn't be possible that all of these people were gathered here, that every store in town was closed, that every flag in town was raised—all because of Bill.

And she had a curious premonition. She was absolutely sure that the moment she saw Bill she would know whether she had lost him or not.

So she waited, and the children thought every speck in the sky was a plane. And finally, for a wonder, they were right. "There it is! There it is!" they screamed. The speck grew larger, the speck came nearer. They could even hear it now.

The bands started to play, the parade lined up, and people cheered, and the plane landed, and they couldn't any of them bear it. Because there was Mayor Blake, stepping out of the plane, and then his daughter, Serena. And finally a tall awkward young man in uniform, with a funny dazed look on his face.

"Bill!" they screamed. "Bill Corning! Bill Corning!"

The bands played, "O Canada . . ." They all played it together, but they weren't quite together. The notes jarred into a strange excitement, and the people roared. Someone pulled Molly out of the shiny blue car, and her eyes were dry of tears. She had used up all her tears in the night. And this was part of a dream, it wasn't real at all.

Bill looked very red and embarrassed. Someone pushed her right up to the plane, and there was Bill standing beside Serena. And he looked at Molly, and his mouth was smiling, but his eyes were veiled and remote, and in a curious way, hurt. She understood then. It hurt him to look at her, not loving her as he should, since she was wearing his school ring on her third finger, and this dazzling display of red, white and blue ribbons, just for him.

"Hello, Molly," he said flatly. The crowd screamed some more, and all the plans for the parade threatened to go awry. But then the mayor took charge, and somehow Molly and Bill were shoved into the big blue car along with

the mayor (a minor mistake, since he hadn't realized his own car was there) and the guard of honor lined up, and started smartly off the field, and everything, for a wonder, was going according to plan.

Bill had to wave his hat, with all the people lining the streets. He had to wave it, first to one side, and then to the other. There wasn't any chance for them to talk at all. And then, when they reached the town hall he had to stand on the platform, and for the first time she saw his medal.

No one really listened to the speeches. And Bill's "Thank you," was kind of a gulp. And then Serena slipped her arm through his and he was driven off to the mayor's house to rest up until the party that evening.

Of course no one could force him to stay there. And all afternoon Molly kept wondering whether he would drop around. But he didn't, and she told herself again that this was his way of letting her know that they weren't really engaged after all.

SHE DIDN'T want to go to the party, but there was no way out of it. And so she put on the new dress she had saved—pale tan silk with red and yellow flowers appliquéd, one at the shoulder and one on the skirt. The dress had a thin brown belt the color of her hair; it was charming, and so were the red and gold sandals. But Molly didn't care about that any more. She brushed out her shining curls, and brightened her lips. And she reminded herself that Bill had come home. But it didn't seem real, nothing was real except a queer longing to cry.

She went to the party with her mother and the Dunns who lived next door. They arrived late. People were already sitting about with platters of food. Bill was on the stairs with Serena and most of the crowd. He came over and shook hands with Molly politely, and he still had that remote, hurt look in his eyes. Her answering smile was bright and unreal. "Welcome home!" she said. "Does it seem like old times, Bill?"

"In a way," he said stiffly. And went back to Serena.

Philip Dunn brought Molly a plate of food—salad and sandwiches and some kind of aspic. The music started, and people danced. Molly couldn't eat, or dance either. She slipped away from the others. She carried her glass of punch absently, and wandered into the room they used for billiards. A lot of out-of-town papers were scattered around; and Bill had been dancing with Serena, but

✦ Continued on page 21

Boil It Down . . .

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

This isn't about jam—it's about talk, telephone talk. When and why and how you use your telephone today is a matter of national importance. When you realize that 12,000 calls, local and long distance, are sometimes required to build one bomber, you'll understand that that casual telephone chat over l. d. wires or an unnecessary enquiry of "Information" can become downright sabotage. And the telephone witticism, "Is it dark enough for you?" which gets going in every blackout, may well tie up equipment long enough to prevent emergency calls to police, fire, hospital and other services from getting through.

Don't carry on a feud with your "party." Save your militant remarks for the Axis. Answer the telephone promptly; speak distinctly and directly into the mouthpiece, and do, oh, do be brief! Remember: Lincoln delivered the Gettysburg address in two minutes without hurrying. Surely you can transact even your most pressing business in an equal space of time, or less.

"Give a man
a better
breakfast
-- and he'll
do a better
war job!"

Our Nutrition Authorities advise us to eat the health-protective foods every day, including at least one serving of a whole grain cereal. Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a whole grain cereal—100% whole wheat with all the bran and wheat germ. This nutritious cereal is ready-cooked, ready to eat, and equally delicious with hot or cold milk. Serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat for better breakfasts . . . save War Savings Stamps for better days ahead.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA



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Dream Lovely LUCILLE BALL

STARRING IN "DU BARRY WAS A LADY," AN M-G-M PICTURE



You can have her Cameo Skin-Tone

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famous Hollywood Commentator:

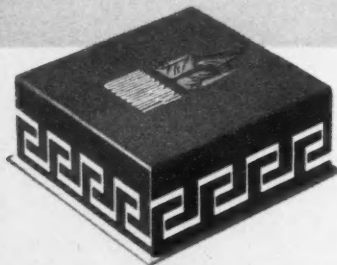
"A puff full of glamour from my big box of Woodbury Powder—I'm ready for camera or conquest," says Lucille Ball. "This new *Woodbury Flesh* shade gives a lovely cameo skin-tone—a petal-smooth, dazzling-fair, almost transparent look!"

Clever Lucille Ball is right! Working with Hollywood directors, Woodbury discovered 5

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Flick on your Woodbury glamour shade. Instantly, your complexion seems smoother, softer, more youthful. And fragrant flower-fresh Woodbury Powder clings like a magic aura.

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(MADE IN CANADA)

What Were You Thinking? :: Continued from page 11

known he didn't love her, that he really loved someone else. But she'd never meant to trap him. Never!

Yet now, for the first time, she began to wonder. She read his letters over, and there was nothing about love in them. No poetry, no passion . . . "We've had corn beef the last three days," he'd write. "Sometimes they put an egg on the top. Boy, oh boy!"

Before, when she'd read that, she'd seen his face—lean and humorous—and that had been enough. Because she wanted to know what he ate, and what he thought, and all about the revs and the feet over all. She hadn't needed the endearments. But now the lack of them hit her squarely.

She went downtown to shop, and people stopped her. "Have you heard from Bill?" they said. "You must be proud of him! We all are. We always knew he had it in him!" And they'd look at her with respect—little Molly Drysdale, beloved by a hero.

She stopped at the drugstore for a milk shake, and Serena Blake was there. Serena came and sat by her. She said, "Have you heard from Bill lately, Molly? He's such a darling!" Her mouth curved in a knowing smile. She said, her green eyes rapt with memories, "I've always been 'that way' about Bill, Molly. We may have had some misunderstandings. But I've never held them against him. Bill is sensitive. All really great men are," she said, with a secret smile. "You have to make up and forget, that's all!" She looked at Molly and smiled. "If you'd give me his address I'd like to write and congratulate him," she said.

AND MOLLY knew then that Bill could have Serena Blake if he wanted her. She smiled uncertainly. She gave Serena his address. And when she wrote him herself she made her letters light and impersonal. She even said, "A year is a long time, Bill. Maybe a lot of things can change . . ." When he read that, she thought, he'd know that she wasn't trying to hold him to his part of the bargain.

Serena's father was mayor of the town, so naturally he was in charge of arrangements when Bill came back. The publicity had continued right along. Bill was awarded the D.S.C. and was on his way home. After she learned that Molly cried every night—whether from happiness or not, she didn't know.

She took all the newspaper pictures of Bill up to her room. He looked different, somehow—leaner and more intense. But his hair still stood up that silly way in back, and his eyes still had the veiled irony that had made her a little afraid of him, even when she was twelve and he was sixteen.

In a strange way the pictures and having Bill in this country didn't make him seem any nearer. Molly couldn't understand it, exactly. But it was almost as though the Bill who had worked around in greasy pants and called her his "chief mechanic" didn't exist any more. In his place was this strange young man who had become a hero.

And then one evening Serena phoned. Molly had been eating supper with her mother—creamed chip beef and baked

potatoes. She had just opened the steaming potato when the telephone rang. She went to answer it, and Serena said, "Molly darling, I've just been talking to Bill over the phone. His voice sounded so like him, and he's awfully glad to be back!"

Molly found that her hand was shaking. She braced her elbow against the small, rickety table. "Thanks so much for telling me, Serena," she said flatly.

"Oh, that's all right," Serena said gaily. "I thought you'd like to know, Dad and I are going to Montreal tomorrow. We're going to look up Bill and bring him back with us. Is there any message you'd like me to give him?"

"No, I guess not," Molly said. "Just tell him we're all—looking forward to seeing him."

"Of course, darling! Well, so long, I have to hurry!"

Serena clicked the receiver down at her end of the line, and the square little hall seemed suddenly very quiet. Molly went back to her supper. And she realized that there was nothing she could do . . . Bill hadn't communicated with her, not once since he'd been back. He hadn't sent her flowers, or even a telegram. And she understood, quite clearly, that it was his way of telling her, as nicely as possible, that that bitter evening at the club had been a mistake . . .

BILL CORNING was to arrive home on Friday, and the town of Merrick made frantic preparations. The parade, they decided, would start at the tiny airport, and continue straight through to the docks. The local Reserve unit would take part, and three bands from neighboring towns, and of course the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, the Red Cross workers, and the air-raid wardens. Flags lined the streets from early dawn.

The day dawned clear and tingling. It was the kind of thing you could laugh off. You could say, "The town just wants a chance to parade!" But you couldn't forget that a Merrick boy had waved good-bye from the rear end of a train, and crossed thousands of miles of land and sea, to help outwit a deadly enemy.

You couldn't forget it, and people smiled at each other, and some of them blinked back foolish tears. The Boy Scouts lined up patiently. They said, "Gee, I wonder what he'll look like! Gee, I remember when he took me for a ride in one of his boats!"

"I remember, I remember . . ." That's what they were all saying. There would be a parade, and speeches in front of the town hall—the main one by Mayor Blake, who with his daughter was going to bring the hero home. And in the evening there would be a dance at the country club, given by his friends in Bill Corning's honor.

He had no relatives except his fiancée. So Molly and Mrs. Drysdale were presented with large bouquets of flowers, and red, white and blue ribbons, and were driven to the airport in a shiny blue official car. The mayor's car was also there, to escort the chief speaker midway in the parade. First the troops, then the mayor's car, the official car for Molly and her mother, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, the war workers and so on. It was all worked out very carefully.

he hadn't looked happy. He couldn't be really happy with Serena until she had given him his freedom.

She had to think what to say, and how best to do it. The papers were scattered all over the billiard table. Someone had brought them here because they had interviews and pictures of Bill and his crew. She tried not to look at them, but she couldn't help herself. There was one picture of him in a hotel lobby with a lot of people around. And underneath were a lot of questions they had asked. Molly put her glass of punch down because her hand was trembling. She picked up the paper and read the foolish questions. "Lieutenant Corning," one reporter had asked inevitably, "what did you think about that night when you went after that sub?"

"Lieutenant Corning laughed at that one," the interview continued. "He said, 'I guess I thought of my chief mechanic telling me, 'You can do it, Bill . . .'"

Molly read that part over stupidly. "What did you think of when you went after the sub . . . I thought of my chief mechanic telling me, 'You can do it, Bill . . .'"

"I thought of my chief mechanic . . ."

Why . . . Why . . .

SHE STARED at the words. Her heart was pounding and her throat was dry.

Then she tore the piece out of the paper, and stuffed it in her bag, and went to look for him. He wasn't on the dance floor, or with the others on the stairs. She went outside and down to the pier, and she saw him, at the very end, standing disconsolately staring into the water.

He turned when he heard her, and she said uneasily, "Why, Bill, I thought you were the guest of honor at this party!"

He shrugged. "I guess you know how I feel about parties, Molly," he said, and there was still that remote unfriendly tone in his voice.

She wanted to run away then. But she remembered what the paper had said. "I thought of my chief mechanic . . ." She asked desperately, "There's just one thing you must tell me, Bill. And then I won't bother you any more. Just this one thing . . ." She took a deep breath. He wasn't looking at her, he was staring at the water. He was making it quite clear that he didn't want her around. "Tell me," she said hurriedly, "are you still in love with Serena? Because if you are I'll understand. I mean—"

"Serena?" he echoed in astonishment. "Good lord, Molly, that was just adolescence, I guess. Growing pains. I imagine every kid has to get a crush on a siren some time in his career . . ."

"But, Bill, I don't understand," she said. And she didn't. Something was pounding in her ears, and against her throat. And this was such foolishness. Because they weren't talking intelligently. They were like strangers . . .

He said, "Now it's my turn to ask a question. And don't feel too sorry about it, Molly." He leaned against the post at the end of the pier. He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette, and when he lit it she saw that his hand was trembling. He said, as though it were a statement of fact, "There's someone else, isn't there, Molly?" And before she could



Courtesy Tip Top Tailors Ltd.

Wartimer

IF YOU need a new topcoat this spring, here's the kind that has all the answers. It's an English sports and utility type raglan with the smart narrow Bal-mac collar. Raised seams and stitched edges, slash pockets and centre-back vent give it those certain touches of good-looking man-tailoring. The four-button single-breasted fashion is young and smart, and you'll be wise to choose for it a check, tweed, herringbone, polo cloth or some such duration fabric. Something that will be so nice to come home in—for years and years.

answer he plunged on. He said, "I could tell from your letters, and from the way you've acted, not coming to Montreal and all. But I want you to know that I won't hold you to—our bargain, Molly. I railroaded you into it that night. You were just a kid, and you were sorry for me, going away and all . . . And it wouldn't be fair to hold you any longer."

"But I thought you didn't love me," she said unsteadily. "I thought it was Serena all this time, and that you'd just been kind of on the rebound that night . . ."

"You thought . . ." he said in astonishment. He flipped his cigarette; it made a bright spiral, and a faint hiss when it struck the water. He put his hands on her shoulders. He said, almost angrily, "Listen to me, Molly. I don't know what kind of kid I was before I left. But I fell in love with you out there. I thought about you all the time. You were home to me and family and the one girl. I imagined that when I came back we'd be married right away. And then you changed . . ." he said unhappily.

"But I didn't," she protested. "I never did!" And this was absurd, that she should have to protest, that Bill should ever for a moment doubt her . . . But it was a beautiful absurdity, part of the starry night and the water lapping against the pier. "You never asked me to come to Montreal," she pointed out breathlessly. "You never even sent me a telegram or anything."

"That's so," he said. "I thought I was giving you an easy way out. But never again!" he said, with a kind of jubilant relief in his voice. "You'll never get away from me again, Molly!"

"But I never have," she said—and suddenly she knew that Bill would always go on thinking he'd had to win her back. That she'd been just a kid, who didn't know her own mind.

BUT IT didn't matter. Nothing mattered any more. She asked, laughing at him, "Bill, what did you think of, out there in the Mediterranean?"

"You," he said at once. "In those old pants of yours, Molly. With grease on your nose and in your hair and all over the place."

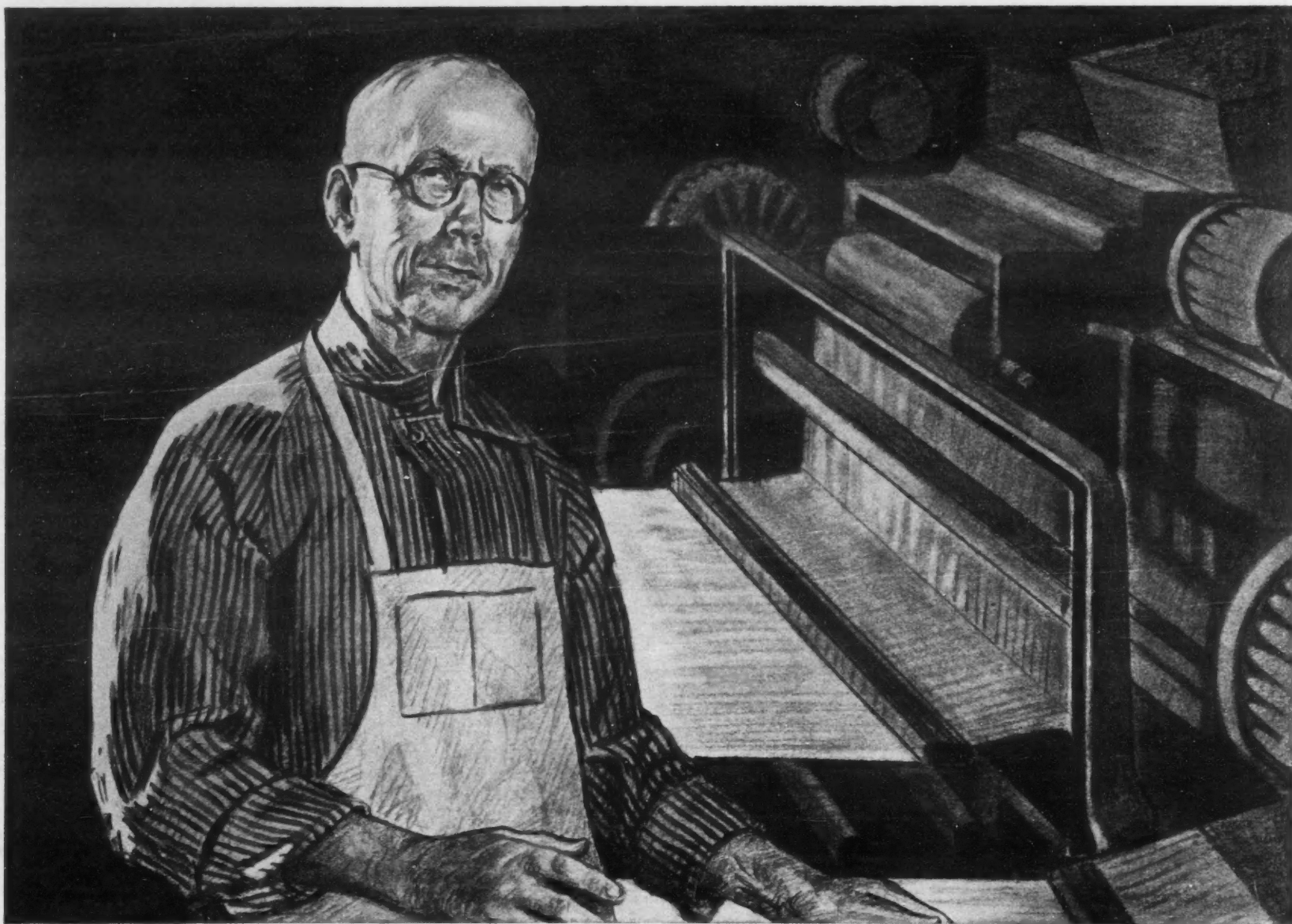
"That's not fair," she said. "I'm not that way any more, Bill."

"You are," he said firmly. "To me you'll never change, honey."

Her heart was beating crazily now, and the laughter was a kind of pain. "You mean you'll always think of me in greasy pants? Always, forever and forever?"

"Maybe not," he admitted then. His voice was uneven. He smoothed back the shining curls. "You're so beautiful, Molly," he said.

The wind blew softly, and it had been dark like this that night in the Mediterranean, and there had been danger, but he'd been thinking of her even then . . . And that knowledge gave her a kind of faith, a sureness. "I'll never forget that," she thought. But already she was forgetting. Because when he stooped to kiss her, everything that had happened was blurred and transformed into a timeless radiance. The wind blew, and it was dark, but she had a shining, wordless vision of the happiness that lay ahead. +



John retired four years ago—

FORTY-SEVEN years at the textile mill seemed long enough for any one man. So four years ago John retired on pension and went out to raise cabbages and chrysanthemums on his own little farm. That was in thirty-nine.

Now he's back. Back on the same block of looms he kept humming for forty-seven years. He replaced one of the many lads that left to join the forces. And John is doing a swell job helping break in other "replacements."

That's typical of what's going on in the Canadian Textile Industry. Facing an unprecedented demand for both military and civilian fabrics, Canadian mills have raised production to unheard of peaks. And despite terrific transportation handicaps, an acute labor shortage, and an occasional "squeeze" in raw materials, the job's being done!

Like so much other precision production, much of Canada's

Sanforized fabrics are going to the Armed Forces. So if you can't *always* get Sanforized overalls, shirts, dresses, slacks or pajamas when you ask for them, we know you'll take it with a smile. We know you'll gladly give that little inch—in order to gain a mile!

"Sanforized" is the name smart Canadians look for when they want washables that won't shrink out of fit. In war as in peace, ask for the Sanforized label. It's just as important to avoid waste from shrinkage as it is to avoid boarding.

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Reg. trade-mark

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



This is Millie.

stinging way he said them. I closed my eyes, remembering the planes that droned overhead night after night, awakening me from sleep, shivering, to wonder if Nicky was up there, on his way? And of what it must mean, to have him change so, become so terrifying. I said quickly, "Let's stop. It's too dark to play, anyhow."

Pop came bristling up. "That's a serious accusation to make. Do you know what you're saying, Nicky?"

Nicky looked at me for a long minute. Then he turned away. "Forget it," he said. "Millie is right."

Pop turned to Fos. "If a man said that about me, I'd knock his block off."

"Oh, Pop," I said. "He did cheat. I saw him. Who cares?"

"Who cares?" Pop howled, dancing around. "Well, I care for one. That's the trouble with all you kids, you're too quick to say, who cares, so what, skip it . . . you'll run the country into a ditch."

"Not all of us," Nicky defended, staring hard at Fos. "Only some."

"The boy scout talk is a little out of your line, isn't it, Carter?" Fos sneered. "I didn't think you were the type to understand fair play, the way you've kept Millie dangling all this time as if she was . . ."

I never found out what I was because Nicky had picked him up by the front of his shirt and was shaking him like a rat. "You didn't think so, eh? You and that big hard-working brain . . . You wouldn't have held back, would you? No, you would have been sucking around . . ."

"Put me down," Fos hollered, "and we'll have this out like two gentlemen."

"I'll put you down when I'm darned good and ready, you bloated junior executive."

"Nicky . . . Nicky . . ." I screamed.

But before he could break away to cover himself, Fos, whose arms were free, had sunk his mallet into Nicky's

skull with such a sickening thump that he dropped like a freshly felled tree. For one deathless minute we stood, and then Jane said, as we ran, "What a gentlemanly way to have it out!"

It makes you feel pretty cheap to try to explain to solemn Air Force officers that one of their best pilots is lying unconscious from a blow inflicted in a childish croquet game. And yet it wasn't childish, couldn't they see? They nodded from time to time, but the grey haired one kept saying over and over, "I'm terribly sorry this had to happen, terribly sorry."

After we had described what had happened, and as Pop spun out the story his voice was thick with approval for Nicky, they went into a conference. A doctor had come with them and they wanted to move Nicky back to the air base. I pictured him being borne out of the house on a stretcher, pale and oblivious, to be swallowed up again in that mysterious vastness. Pop came and put his arm around me, and I realized my face was wet and Squadron Leader Westfall was looking at me. He said gently, "It must have been you he meant."

When I didn't answer, he went on, "He gave us such a funny reason. You see, he was supposed to go on important manoeuvres tomorrow. Naturally, we didn't want him to leave camp today. But he was so persuasive and well . . . at a time like that we try to do everything . . ." He cleared his throat. "But all he would say was . . . there was someone he had to wave to . . ."

I TURNED then, and ran upstairs, around the balcony, and locked the door behind me. If they tried to get in I would swallow the key.

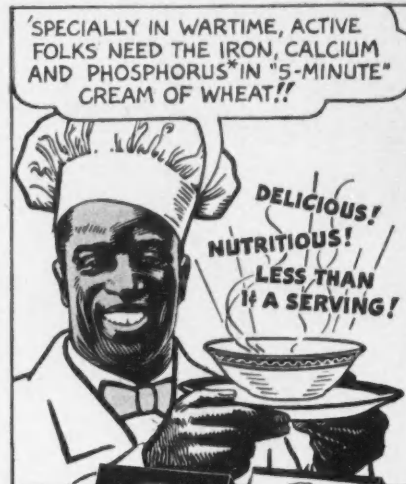
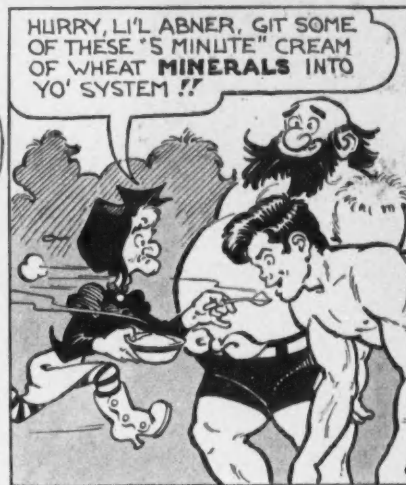
I sat on the bed and watched him all night and when darkness began to leave the room so I could pick out the dresser and his clothes lying on a chair and my own shadowy figure in the mirror, he opened his eyes. "Millie?" he whispered.

My hand crept into his. This time I knew my man and I was going to make sure of him. "Darling," I said, "you'll make a terrible husband." It was what everyone had always told me.

He pulled me down beside him on the pillow none too gently. "You bet. I'll keep you shut up in a closet all the time I'm gone, and if I hear of you looking at anyone else I'll hack you to pieces."

The sun began to tint the windows and the room turned pink in the glow. I sighed contentedly, happily. He had told me . . . as only Nicky could . . . that he loved me. +

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP



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MADE IN CANADA

"Regular" and "5-Minute"

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

SOLD ONLY IN THESE PACKAGES

5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT

REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT

*For addition to or supplementing diets deficient in these elements

Workers Must Eat . .

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 2207

Here is an important guidebook for every household which sends a worker off to the production line each day. Planned in response to an urgent request from war industries this handy new bulletin contains:

- 16 pages of practical information on food for fitness.
- 80 lunch box menus for every season of the year.
- Planning the 3 squares.
- Canada's official food rules.

Price per individual copy, 15 cents.

Order today from:

Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department
481 University Ave., Toronto.

CAUTION!

Tuberculosis usually increases in Wartime



DOCTORS KNOW that tuberculosis usually increases in time of prolonged warfare. Such increases occurred during the last war, and have already been reported in some of the nations now at war.

Thus forewarned, the people of our country can forearm themselves with the facts about tuberculosis, to help avoid this dangerous disease.

Discovered early, tuberculosis is not often hard to cure. Unfortunately, early tuberculosis seldom advertises itself. Weeks or months may pass before even such vague signs appear as "touches of indigestion," a tired out feeling without good cause, or a steady loss of weight.

By the time more definite symptoms appear—a cough that hangs on, persistent pains in the chest, or blood-streaked sputum—severe damage may have been done. Curing the disease will then take longer and be more difficult.

Furthermore, during this period of development an infected person may have spread the germs among his family, his friends and his fellow workers. For tuberculosis is a germ disease and it may be "caught." Often the germs picked up in childhood lie quiet for years, only to become active at some time when bodily resistance has been lowered through sickness, undernourishment, or unusual

physical strain. Wartime demands upon our energy make it doubly important to guard against such conditions.

How to be forearmed

If you have the slightest suspicion that a member of your family has tuberculosis, or if any member has been in contact with someone who has active tuberculosis, have him see the doctor at once. By means of a thorough physical examination, including the use of the X-ray, the doctor usually can determine whether the disease is present. His advice regarding treatment or subsequent "check ups" should be followed to the letter.

The modern treatment of tuberculosis makes use of rest—complete rest for 24 hours a day. This gives the infected lung a chance to heal. The natural resistance of the body is built up by a well-balanced diet of nourishing food. While it may not be necessary to "go away" to be cured, the doctor sometimes advises a stay in a sanatorium. The latter assures scientific treatment, educates the patient in self-care, and protects members of the family from possible infection.

In both peacetime and wartime, the best preventive measure against tuberculosis is to *keep physically fit*. Sufficient sleep, rest and exercise, and a well-balanced diet build up the body's resistance to most kinds of disease.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA

Red Cross Home Nursing Courses. Red Cross Branches are offering women practical instruction in Home Nursing. Learning to nurse the sick in your own home and to keep your family well is a patriotic service, which will release more medical and nursing aid for the armed forces. If interested, apply directly to your Red Cross Branch.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Please send me a copy of your pamphlet, 4-L-43, "Tuberculosis."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Province.....

Wherever You Are :: Continued from page 11

had turned to ashes in my mouth; had Nicky so much as smiled at me, I would have thrown my arms around his neck.

He had followed me down the path and stood watching Fos unconcernedly, chewing on a piece of grass. "Come on in," Fos called on his way past.

"What, and get an infection?" Nicky muttered, but the next minute he dived in as easily and smoothly as a seal. After a few manly strokes in imitation of Fos, he lay on his back directly across the pool, inspecting the sky, so that Fos had to swim around him and finally give up altogether, drawing himself out of the water, shaking the rage out of his eyes. "Couldn't you see I had set myself a goal?" he enquired coldly.

"Sorry, pal," Nicky answered. "My leave isn't that long. I have to go back tonight."

I drew a quick breath. Just like that he could walk in and out of my life, snapping his fingers. I turned away and watched Pop coming across the lawn, cigar in mouth, robe flying around his yellow and green trunks, the sun lighting up the fuzz around his bald spot like a halo. He growled when he saw Nicky, who after all couldn't be expected to wear his uniform in swimming.

Outwardly the day was like all the lazy others at camp. We had lunch on the terrace and sat around the pool afterward watching Nicky and Fos be athletic. They arched, shot skeets, dice and ping-pong. To the bland eye they were easygoing sportsmen; a close observer, however, would have detected no spirit of camaraderie. Nicky was playing for keeps . . . Nicky, who had always pretended to be so bored with games, so scornful of competitive sports. By the time they pulled themselves out of a race in the pool, the air around us was humming like telegraph wires.

Inside, the house was cool and quiet. I watched the clock on my dressing table push ahead with determined hands as I dressed. "What did he come for, anyhow?" I demanded mournfully of Jane, who was watching me pityingly. She had moved her things into my room saying she knew a nervous man when she saw one and would hate to cross Nicky on this day. "Give me the watchdog type any day," she declared, and added as I drew the white lace hood of my dress over my hair, "You look like an angel. Why don't you give him one more chance?"

His door was open; he was packing, and barely glanced up as I went in and sat on the arm of a chair.

"Well, well," he murmured. "The Flower of Old Seville."

Nicky, I said in my heart. He moved with such strength, such assurance. It was now or never. I studied my nails. "I may never see you again," I began. My teeth were chattering.

He grinned and went on putting stuff in his briefcase—slippers, a sweater, a book. "Oh, you'll see me around. I'll land on that spot of lawn beyond the pool some day and take you for a whirl."

"Will you, Nicky?"

He stopped abruptly. "Oh, sure. The Air Force is like that. You just run off whenever you want to." His voice was reproving, and I hung my head.

"You got away to come here," I answered defensively.

"Yeah." He shut the bag with a snap.

"But I'll miss you," I said in a low tone.

"Miss me?" His voice was unbelieving. "How could you miss me with all this? You can travel around, go anywhere, meet anyone you like. What else do you want?" He sounded so rough and hungry I looked up. But he was bowing mockingly toward the door. "After you, my sweet."

AS WE went out on the terrace, I felt Pop stiffen. That's right, I thought wearily, go ahead and fall all over Nicky now that it's too late. I could see him looking from Fos, also in uniform, to Nicky and back again. It was ironic that Fos, of the rosy future, who had systematically sweated away most of his young years to get to the top of the ladder, should have to give it all up to put himself on the same level with Nicky, who had sat on the bottom rung all along, laughing. There was a faint gleam of hope in thinking that maybe when the tumult had died down, people would decide it was each other that counted most.

As I sat having these profound thoughts, swinging back and forth in the glider, the sun began to burn the tops of the pine trees and leave the bricks on the terrace with their whiskers of grass cool and abandoned. Johnson, who took care of everything at camp, even the cooking, came out with a tray of iced drinks which we sipped peaceably. Over the top of his glass Pop asked me what I had been doing to get so pale and thin. He turned on Nicky savagely. "What's that you've got on?" Only I knew Pop talked loudest when he was most moved. Nicky smiled sarcastically and shrugged. "Oh, just a little thing I ran up myself."

I put down my glass on the table with a splash. "There's time for a game of croquet before dinner. Who cares about it?" To my horror, my voice was shaking, and without waiting for an answer, I went over to the mallet box.

I began banging the ball around none too soon; tears were raining down my face, and the wickets were a blur as I bent over to aim. It worked fine; I went around the field ahead of the others like a breeze. Even Pop, who insisted I had as much sense of direction as a detour, was impressed. But all I was thinking as I hit the ball was that Nicky was there, right there close to me, and in an hour or two he would be gone, with a wave of the hand . . . Then why should I cry, when he was selfish and stubborn . . . with no sense of honor . . .

My swollen eyes were grateful for the darkness that was deepening quickly, but not so quickly that I didn't see, as I bent over to straighten a wicket, a black shoe beneath a blue trouser touch the ball. Small potatoes, I thought disgustedly, to cheat at a silly game. Nevertheless I couldn't help watching, and sure enough, on the next play the foot moved again. Well, really, I wondered . . . can you be sure of anything in the world? This time I wasn't the only one who saw it, for Nicky's voice cut through the air like a whip. "If you're going to cheat, Prescott, take off the uniform."

WE STOOD electrified, not so much by his words but by the contemptuous

IN WARTIME eat one more slice of Bread each meal!

PEACETIME ENERGY QUOTA

At least 2 slices of bread a meal



WARTIME ENERGY QUOTA

At least 3 slices of bread a meal



1/4 OF CANADA'S FOOD ENERGY COMES FROM BREAD

LAST YEAR you had a job you "sat down to"—like trimming hats, or taking shorthand. Six slices of bread a day were plenty.

This year you've got a tougher job. When you're on your feet more at a lathe or a drill press, six slices aren't enough.

They aren't enough if you're keeping your old job but putting in overtime at night. You're burning up additional energy . . . you've got to have additional energy to burn up.

And you can't get that extra energy in

any better form than delicious, heart-warming baker's bread. Think how good it is, how cheap, how "modern" a food!

There's no waste in preparation . . . no waste in assimilation . . . no waste for the body to get rid of. Every bit of every slice is quickly converted into energy.

And unlike other carbohydrates, bread gives you *lasting* energy. It "sees you through" till the job is done!

Every slice of bread is a slice of energy.

See that your wartime energy quota is at least one more slice of bread at each meal.



Buy Wartime Energy from your Baker

The bread your local baker supplies takes on a new importance in wartime. It is your richest and cheapest source of food-energy. And made with milk, or eaten with milk, it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscle.

"Are women equal with men, Mother?"

"That's a funny question, dear, but I think women are proving it. Look at the women who have enlisted, look at the thousands who are driving trucks and doing war work in factories. Most women, nowadays, like to feel helpful and independent."

"What's independent mean, Mother?"

"Well, it just means that you don't want to be a burden on anybody, so you save and make sure of your own future."

"Do you save much, Mother?"

"Yes, Dad and I save quite a bit. We buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds and we have our life insurance, and . . ."

"What's insurance?"

"Well, dear, if we had not saved and were left all alone with no Daddy to look after us, we *would* be a burden on somebody else. We might even have to live on charity. So men like Daddy put money into insurance so that their wives and children will never be in want. All their money together makes a big fund that protects thousands of families like us. We're all in it together, and it's the togetherness that makes us feel so secure."



Life Insurance

Guardian of Canadian Homes

This message is sponsored by Life Insurance Companies operating in Canada

They're Talking About . . .

Food, the all-fascinating subject; how to cheat the moths of Big Brother's "tux"; gossip from the canteens and barracks.

The sudden appreciation of simple things, like home-baked beans in a gargantuan brown pot, or a pair of poached eggs for lunch. And the way a 10-cent cake of soap tucked into an overseas box becomes practically priceless when it reaches its destination . . . How a tin of salvage fats fills up in no time at all, even in a small household. And what a shock to cast our minds back to those wasteful slap-happy days befoh de wah.

Gossip from Washington—the impact made by our 100 super-smart C.W.A.C.'s who are stationed there. Even in that city of uniforms people turn to stare at the good-looking army gals from the polar-bear country . . . Madame Chiang Kai-shek's vibrant personality and the incomparable chic of her modern-Chinese dress—long tight sleeves, high neck, slim skirt side-slit to the knees. And the feeling that here is a great woman in the full perfection of bloom—in the Forties.

Remembering when everybody used big damask tablecloths and napkins to match, and there was no shortage of steel wool for sticky cooking pots . . . The way the drugstore messengers have shrunk to kindergarten size (and shame on us for demanding delivery service) . . . The untold story of The Three Spares in the new ration books. Your version is as good as anybody's, so far . . . The light, heady feeling of spring in the air, and the last of the coal problem during the next few months when sleighing is bad.

This Conservation stir, and how it's putting a new value on all kinds of rummage. Evening dresses—the least-used items in any woman's wardrobe—and the challenge of how to find a wartime purpose for slightly used tulle and lace and net and satin . . . The new short-skirted low-necked evening dress vogue in New York, and how it doesn't do much for anybody but the ravishing beauties, and they don't need help . . . The stunt of making over Big Brother's black broadcloth dinner jacket and teaming it with a smiting bright skirt for spring.

Celebrities in town—Margaret Anglin, great Canadian name in the theatre world of the past forty years, still dominating the stage in her role of mother-with-a-past in "The Watch on the Rhine" . . . The discovery that Jack Benny looks like a comfortable, small-city chamber-of-commerce president, and that Mary Livingston went to high school in Vancouver. Jack says his tightwad gags have cost him plenty; he has to leave double the normal tip or waiters will say it's sure true what they say about that guy Benny.

Reports from barracks and messes, where the men and women in the services wish they could have more salads and less meat . . . The toughening-up curriculum of our Canadian paratroops in Georgia—they sprint five miles before breakfast. And they say the first jump is worse than any other, but not much. . . . The new spirit of resignation among diners-out, who are no longer surprised by anything. Example: the lady who ordered a meat sandwich and was brought mashed potatoes and hot roast beef sunk in gravy, with the accompanying advice, "Eat this up, dear; this'll do you more good on a cold day."





FOR THAT GROWING STAGE
—No. 4600 is the kind of spring-to-summer suit every young boy loves. It's cool, casual and easy to launder. And here's the quaint basque-fitted outfit, No. 4618, young sister will do dishes for, no end. Make it snug fitting in the top, full of skirt, and outline the square neck and notched waistline with rick-rack braid.

Pattern descriptions on page 34

YOUNG ADVENTURERS—For high jinks in the play yard or long journeys up to the end of the street and back, this overall and smock set No. 4589, and the jacket and overalls No. 4599, are exactly right. Gay contrasts mean that you can whip them up out of grownup cast-offs, too.

BAD FOR DISCIPLINE—But lovely to look at are the shirred frock, No. 4601, and the lace-trimmed pinafore, No. 4607. They're definitely Occasion Pieces, and would be pretty enchanting in those clear fresh spring colors children wear so well. Cut the poke bonnet out of the same material, edge it with lace and finish off with a perky bow.

Spring Sewing for the Family



PEPLUM TWO-PIECER, No. 4592. Go all romantic in this whispering soft number, with its graceful peplum released from an inset belt. The rhythm is repeated in a soft bow which gives youthful appeal to the pretty-pretty collar.

BRAID BUSINESS—No. 4609. A swinging loop of braid below each shoulder adds just the right touch of oomph to this soft and simple tailored dress, with its slim skirt rippling into a front pleating and three-button, notch-collared top.

WINNING WAISTBAND — No. 4588. Here's a fresh yoke treatment in the waistline that makes this a spring special. Skirt fullness cascades pleasantly from a waist-looking-downward bandline. Bright stitching gives smart emphasis.

CLEVER CONTRAST—No. 4621. There's a special springtime zest in checked dicky and revers to contrast with the plain color of this feminine coat-dress. It's free swinging and casual. Pattern descriptions on page 34.

BEAUTY CULTURE...

A Department of Style, Health and Personality



MAYBE! Here the choices for the models left and right are fairly acceptable, but the middle figure becomes all arms and legs in the tailored stripe.

HARDLY! The full youthful dirndl is an unhappy choice for the older woman. Tall-and-thin (middle), can skip the fitted two-piecer. The short full-figured girl looks dowdy and much older in the stripe.



All dresses courtesy The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.



YES! The "wallpaper" stripe slims down the mature figure; the tall girl has youthful verve in the fruit-printed dirndl; the curving lines of the short figure at right stay young and becoming in the two-piecer with its longer bodice.

PRINT PRIMER

By CAROLYN DAMON

IT'S PRETTY certain that you'll be in a print this spring. Prints have become the all-purpose, go-everywhere type of dress for Canadian women. Our fabric designers, who fashion all types and colors and sizes of print patterns for us, and our clothes manufacturers who make them up into a great variety of dress styles, deliver the goods. It's a simple matter for us to choose just what we need.

But wait now—is it so simple? A print pattern in a certain type of dress can do wonderful and sometimes surprising things to you. It's something you should think about, definitely.

Here, for instance, we've given you the chance to see yourself (or someone pretty much like you) in the right and wrong outfit. We took three smart examples of our new-season Canadian rayon prints, and at the same time chose three representative models: a lady size 40, a tall thin girl, and a shorter, fuller-figured lass. We did a job of quick-changing the three styles on each.

If you'll study the models and the prints they wear, you'll see why the most successful and logical choices add up to the good-looking group directly above. For years *Chatelaine* has preached the gospel of big floral patterns in bold design being for the tall-and-slender only. Now here's proof, right in front of your eyes. We've warned against the junior-miss styles for older women, and you can see for yourself what happens when our lady of mature figure gets into a dirndl, as at left. ♦



Yardley English Lavender—Its informal freshness lends the touch of youth—95c to \$5.25.

Yardley English Complexion Cream—Rich, soft, cleansing, and a powder base that inspires confidence—\$1.25.



Yardley English Complexion Powder—Deliciously touched with "Bond Street" Perfume—mist-fine—invisible—\$1.25.



Yardley English Lavender Soap—Refreshingly kind to your skin—and amazingly long lasting. 35c a large cake—3 for \$1.



Yours for Confident Charm

☆ To touch your dainty self with the fresh, youthful appeal of the Yardley Lavender—to capture the charm of a complexion cared for by Yardley Beauty Preparations—is to build up confidence—to give a lift to your spirits—to make beauty help duty.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH

Yardley
LAVENDER
AND
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

BEAUTY Bottleneck?

By ADELE WHITE
Beauty Editor

One little flaw in hair styling, posture or grooming routine can spoil the perfection you strive for. But corrective measures can be taken!



Right

A Turned-up Nose

YOU DON'T need to hire a plastic surgeon for a turned-up nose. An expert hair stylist will do the trick. Individual hair styling will help elevate you from the "also-ran" class to glamour-

puss. You can be the cute, saucy type, with your tip-tilted nose a definite asset if you do right by your hair-do. Avoid waves with horizontal lines and bangs brought forward. Your aim is to lengthen the distance from your front hairline to the tip of your nose by brushing your hair away from your forehead and sweeping it up behind your ears.



Wrong



Right

That Receding Chin

PERHAPS YOU think your fairy godmother took the day off when you were born or she wouldn't have let you be cursed with a receding chin. Stuff and nonsense—she was just testing your ingenuity! Many a belle-

of-the-ball has learned the secret of making up in curls and swirls what she lacks in chin. Your problem is to break the line from nose to ear, so your nose won't be a too-prominent feature.

Never choose a hair-do which sweeps back to show forehead and ears—or you'll look like a skinned rabbit. Conceal your chin-shyness by covering your ears and bringing curls as far out on your cheeks as possible without looking passé.



Wrong



Right

Black Mark For This

BLACK SUEDE pumps are very flattering to legs and ankles. Don't create a beauty bottleneck by crossing your feet when you sit down and absent-mindedly rubbing one toe against the back of the other ankle. The black finish of your shoe may rub off and the result will be a smudge on the back of your stocking to mar the effect of trim legs. Keep feet together—gracefully casual—like the pair of shapely gams in the sketch at left.



Wrong

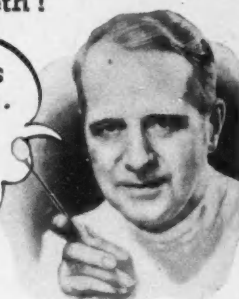
Do You Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?



When you find that you're forgotten by the girl you can't forget, here's a tip... Use Colgate's Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath as it cleans your teeth!



76% OF ALL ADULTS HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM



HERE'S WHY: Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odours—remove the cause of much bad breath.

BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently... makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate's Dental Cream!





Zero hour

CAN THIS BE YOU glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks. "That won't help . . . but Kotex sanitary napkins *will*! Because they're more comfortable" . . .

Rise and Shine!

That's how you learned that Comfort and Confidence and Kotex go together!

Because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a lot different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And Kotex does things for your poise, too. For *this pad, alone*, of all leading brands, has flat, pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby. And for still more protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety centre—and no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now you know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads *put together*! It's the modern *comfortable* way to keep going—every day!

Keep Going in Comfort

— with **Kotex**!



YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

Fortunately there is a sure way to avoid offending. Just sprinkle QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, on your sanitary pad! Created expressly for this use, QUEST destroys all napkin and body odours completely!



★ T. M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

WHAT'S OKAY? WHAT'S IXNAY? To get the *right* answers on what to do and not to do on trying days, write today for the booklet: "As One Girl To Another". Address Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K3-3, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., for a copy FREE!

HAVE YOU A



Right

The Elongated Neck

WHEN IT comes to choosing earrings and beads for your spring wardrobe, better keep your neck well in mind. For example, if you're the Annie Laurie neck-like-a-swan type, avoid long dangling earrings and V collars. But you, you lucky girl, can wear those pussy-cat-whisker ties. They'll

do wonders in drawing your neckline outward rather than downward. You can also wear flower or button earrings and chokers.

If, on the other hand, you belong to the short or squat neck type, keep your eyes firmly averted when you pass a counter of chokers. No, no! They're not for you. Long strands of beads, a low neckline, perhaps a scarf worn crisscross will be much more becoming.



Wrong



Right

Tip For High-Brows

IF YOU'RE the high-brow type —anatomically speaking—stay away from those skyscraper pompadours. Choose, instead, a waved bang to conceal the

height of your forehead. Your curls should be short and swept away from your ears, so your jawline will be in proportion to your lofty brow.

But, if your forehead is too low, don't drag your hair off your brow in an effort to show as much of it as possible. The best hair-do for you is a subtle piled-up effect high in front, concealing the hairline. Let it remain a secret between you and your hairdresser just how low down your widow's peak grows.



Wrong



Right

Embarrassing Moments

AS YOU swing down the street in your newspring suit, you feel pretty smart, don't you? Just before you left the house you ran a comb through your hair and gave it a final pat. You can't see yourself as others see you—with a few stray hairs on your coat collar and a shower of dandruff perhaps. Always make it a rule to slip on a cosmetic cape for last-minute preening.

If you wear your hair in the latest swept-up style, exposing your shell pink ears, be sure they are shell pink and well-scrubbed in the corners and crevices.



Wrong

FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

The Birds That Sing in the Spring, tra-la—have nothing on our gay, young fashions! I'm telling you, gals, this war has put the fashion designers on their mettle . . .

☆☆
Take Dresses—where, oh, where, did those cute little tricks come from? From houses that find they are running short of one fabric, so they combine two . . . and what started out to be a black dress ends up with a black jacket and a bright red skirt!

☆☆
Take Blouses — blouse manufacturers are making blouses out of any-

thing they can find! Plaids, stripes, checks—give 'em a few yards of material and you'll get a dozen of the smartest little blouses you've ever seen. And if they haven't enough left to finish a blouse, they make it into a vestee or a guimpe, and everybody's happy!

☆☆
Take Handbags—no more metal frames—but who wants a metal frame when you can have them every bit as smart without—and those new draw-string bags are wonderful!

☆☆
Take Shoes—so we can have only three pairs a year. So we buy three good pairs, mostly black or brown, and I bet we'll be better shod than we've ever been . . .

☆☆
Take This-Take That—every place I turn I see so many lovely new "substitutes" that they'll have some job getting me back to the pre-war fashions which are now as outmoded as a set of new tires!

☆☆
New Blackout Fashions are really needed, down here. When night falls, it falls in New York! Hard on the few drivers left and they beg: "Wear something white, please." White Anklets are now one of fashion's answers. Crocheted in white cotton, these look like "lamb chop frills" (remember lamb chops?)—which you just button on before going into the dark. Some of the girls add little bells—a gay young sound on a dimmed-out night.

☆☆
Another Blackout Fashion is a white crochet turban with two cat's eye pins that sparkle like a pussycat's eyes in the evening. These "eyes" (the kind used in stuffed animals) gleam like headlights, and I defy any driver to run you down once you're wearing it . . .

☆☆
"Fascinators" — those head shawls you drape into a turban, or sling over your shoulders, or use as a hair covering—are good in any and many colors, but the "Blackout" ones have deep white fringe, or bands of white that show up well in the dark, and smartly in the light.

☆☆
Hatpins are another item you can have a lot of fun with, in dressing up your wartime outfit. While these are useful to hold your hats on—really!—they take on all sorts of new heads that make a plain turban a creation. Wool



Courtesy Courtaulds "Quality-Control."

Backbone for a Wardrobe

The busier you get these war days the more you'll appreciate the comfort and long-wear features of a tailored suit. This becoming style is in a spun rayon fabric which remains line-crisp and color-fast after dry cleaning.

a new kind of Face Powder



A NEW FORMULA FACE POWDER FOR BUSY GIRLS THESE BUSY DAYS—TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS LOOKING YOUNGER

A new formula face powder that wears longer, clings perfectly, keeps you looking your loveliest without those frequent "powder-touchups". A new formula face powder that will help to sustain morale . . . to veil tiny blemishes . . . that will blend with the *natural* beauty of your skin and let your *own* lovely radiance show through.

The secret? A powder that is made lighter, finer, won't streak or "cake". A powder that makes your own complexion younger-looking—enhances your beauty, that gives your complexion the flattery it deserves. A powder created for today's needs.

For lovelier complexion smoothness . . . for radiant youthful charm . . . for girls who are busier than ever—The New Three Flowers Face Powder.

Complete your makeup with smooth textured Three Flowers Lipstick. It lasts longer — will not "cake" . . . and Three Flowers Rouge for subtle colour accent.



FOR SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS . . . 60¢ EACH

three flowers

Face Powder • Lipstick • Rouge

A CREATION OF RICHARD HUDNUT



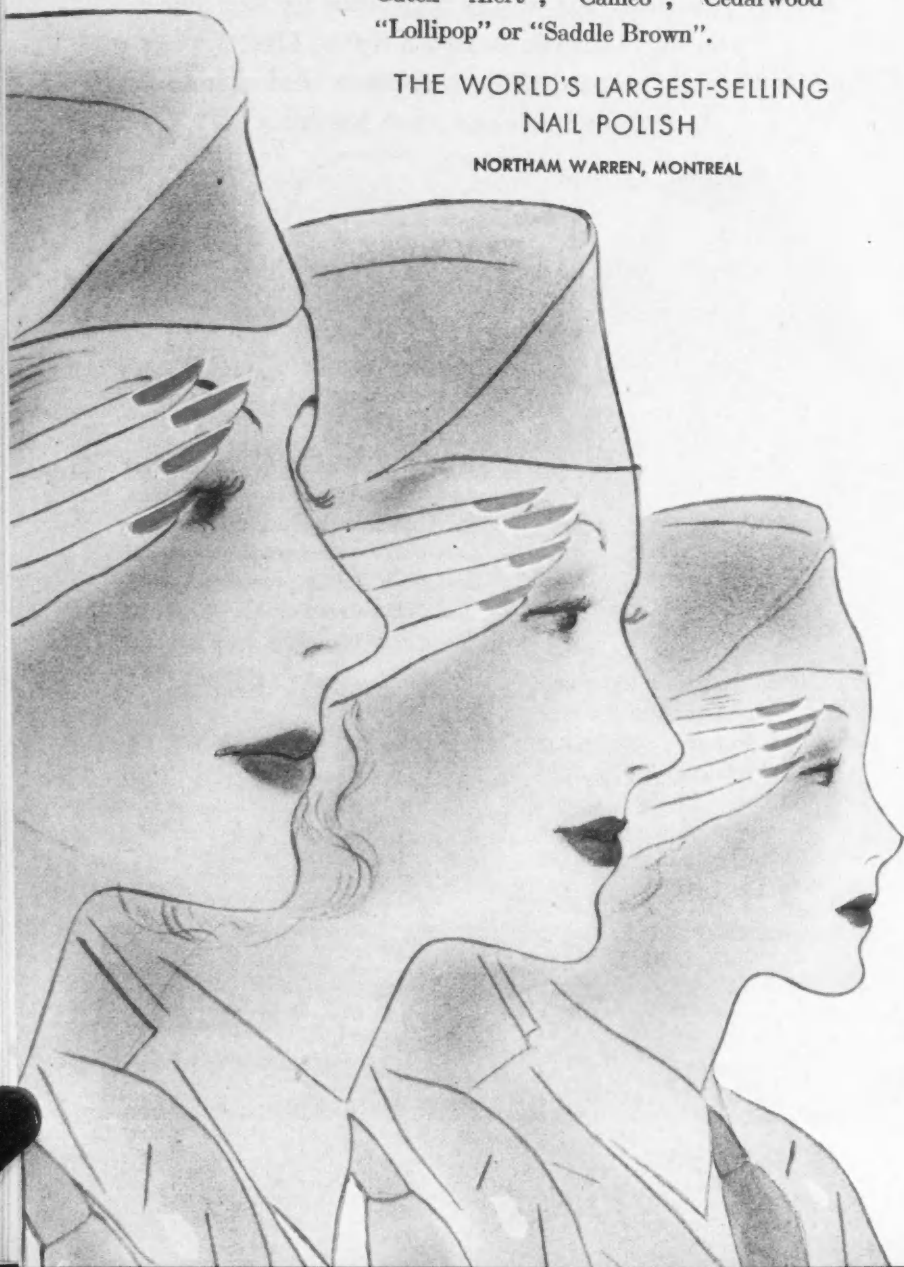
For Wear in your Country's Service

CUTEX "NATURAL"

CWACS and WRENS and RCAF(WD)S, Canteen Workers and War Factory Workers, Ambulance Drivers and Nurses' Aides who are working for your country... Cutex "Natural" is for you. It's colour-right. And it's made by a new fast-drying formula that saves you precious time. Wear "Natural" in your country's service. For off-duty hours, Cutex "Alert", "Cameo", "Cedarwood" "Lollipop" or "Saddle Brown".

THE WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING
NAIL POLISH

NORTHAM WARREN, MONTREAL



Beauty Brevities

DOING YOUR own housework these days? So are most of us. But there's no need to run up a flag about it in the shape of red, chapped hands.

Here's what probably happens in your house. You finish mopping up in the kitchen. Your hands are literally itching for hand lotion, but the bottle is 'way upstairs in the bathroom and you can't be bothered running after it, so you decide to wait till you're going upstairs anyway—and then you forget.

But here's what happens if you're smart. You buy the largest size bottle and divide it into four small bottles. You keep one near the kitchen sink, one concealed in a table drawer in the living room, so you can beautify your hands as you snatch a moment's rest to listen to a radio program. You put another bottle near the telephone to use when you're perched there, and of course you have the fourth bottle in the bathroom for morning and night use.

☆☆

Specialists say we shouldn't have more than one shampoo every two weeks, if we want to keep our hair healthy and lustrous. Too many shampoos will result in a dry, devitalized thatch because the natural oils are washed out. To keep hair well groomed, brush for five minutes night and morning, and be sure to keep your brush and comb spotlessly clean. You can wash them as often as you like.

☆☆

Perhaps you think nail polish should be bought exclusively for your nails. Well, you're in for a surprise. Here are just a few uses for a bottle of colorless polish:

To stop runs in stockings.

To put a coat on silver candlesticks, etc., to prevent them from tarnishing.

To preserve the polish on your soldier beau's metal buttons and badges.

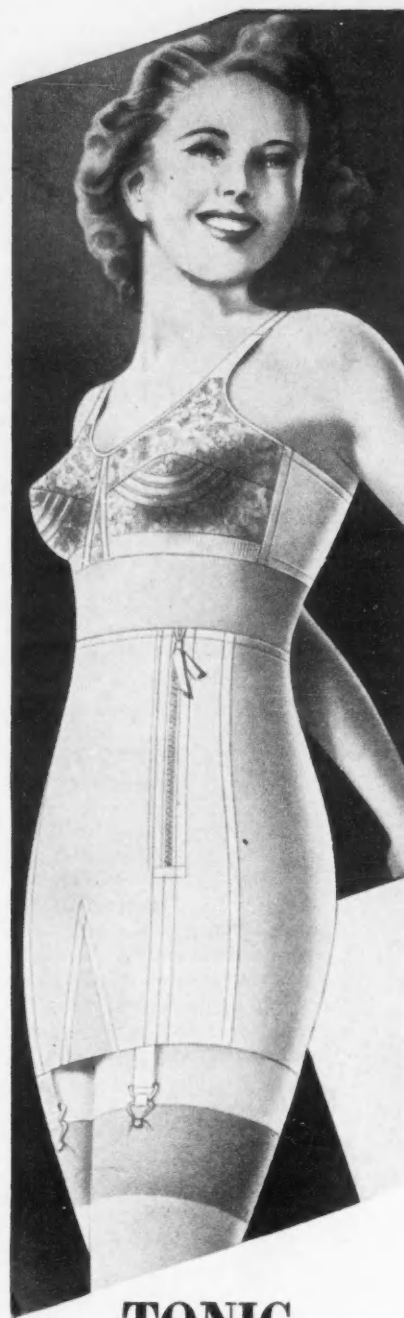
To prevent scratches on compacts, clips and metal parts of bags.

To cover legs on a wooden desk so that splinters won't catch on your stockings.

And you can use your brightest red polish to paint wooden buttons on your summer clothes.

☆☆

In a recent survey, American women were asked to vote on which products they would least like to give up—aside from the actual bare necessities of life. The winner—by a nose—was face powder. A close second was lipstick, and deodorants came third. Cake and evening clothes were 'way down last on the list. It would seem from this that, should the exigencies of war make us give up a lot of semi-luxuries, we'll bravely do without long trailing dresses, pink cakes at tea parties, even frilly lingerie, but please, oh, please, don't send us out in the world barefaced without benefit of powder and lipstick!



TONIC FOR YOUR FIGURE

*Remedy Faulty Lines with a new
Gossard Girdle and Bra*

DON'T let bulges, bumps or unruly hips spoil the slim lines of your war-time, material-conserving suits and frocks. Take a "tonic" for your figure in the form of a new Gossard Girdle. Their expert design will not only taper your waist, slim your hips, smooth you fore and aft, but also give you the day-long support and comfort so necessary to carry on your job. Complete the fluid lines with a Gossard Bra—artfully cut to assure a firm, youthful uplift.

The **GOSSARD**
Line of Beauty

Sold by Leading Shops and
Department Stores.

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD
CO. LIMITED

Toronto 2, Canada

Chicago — New York — San Francisco — Dallas
Atlanta — Melbourne — Sydney — Buenos Aires

This

Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

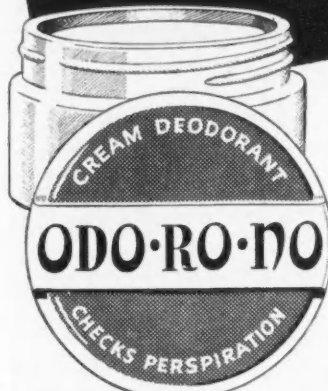
EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

and

this big jar contains 21 more applications* for 39¢ than other leading deodorants
*50% larger jar—entire contents usable (doesn't dry up)



NEW ODO·RO·NO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT



Please be patient.
THE ARMED SERVICES
Need
Viyella
FLANNEL

Young women and Officers in uniform all over the World need VIYELLA. For certain comfort in uncertain climates nothing equals long-wearing VIYELLA Flannel.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
LUX TESTED

36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

and sprinkled with white sequins was repeated in a jabot. Oomph! Another net affair is a tiny hat worked in with a large bow—and more net, caught with a bow, worn as a deep frill over the hand. Inexpensive little things, but glamorous.

☆☆

Pincushions back in favor! With pins not so plentiful as they used to be, women are conserving their precious needles and pins in brave big pincushions, liberally trimmed with lace, ruffles, etc. And quieter affairs to adorn men's dressing tables also are back in the stores . . . A good gift idea, don't you think?

☆☆

Shoulder Strap Bags, worn by our women in service, are very popular with all the girls, too. As leather is none too plentiful, the bag makers are getting around to making those drawstring bags with long handles you can throw over your shoulder just as you can a leather strap—and some novelty shops are advertising that, for a small sum, they'll put a shoulder strap on your present handbag.

☆☆

Yes, **Rationing** Has Come to Fifth Avenue—and all the streets and avenues of America. Food is rationed—shoes are rationed—and we look for more rationing. But we'll meet it confidently. Our grandmothers' slogans—"We'll make it do," and "Eat it all up," are right back in fashion!♣

War Stamp Corsage for Your Spring Suit

IT'S an idea! A few bright, fresh flowers to give you that Easter "lift," and half-a-dozen War Stamps to show your confidence in Victory.

Here, in this Colonial type bouquet, delicate violets and sweetheart roses are arranged within a lacy frill; the loose ribbon bows and ends carry six stamps.

Canadian florists have an endless assortment of designs combining a few inexpensive posies with an important investment in War Savings stamps. Spring gifts for the sick and shut-in, for new babies, and for His Best Girl will feature the idea.



Designed by Nellie Whitley, Hamilton



From all over Canada they've come . . . to join the R.C.A.F. in the biggest job on earth. Some were stenographers . . . students . . . debutantes . . . clerks. Some worked on farms . . . modelled clothes . . . taught school. Now . . . they're in the Service of the Empire. There's a place for you in Air Force Blue. It's the mark of a woman who is doing her duty.



The fabric worker's skilful fingers repair fabric-covered aircraft parts.



The rigger, folding parachutes, considers every one she packs a "life-belt" of the air.



The assistant in the meteorological bureau records weather reports . . . prepares maps and charts.



Many women are needed to carry on vital office work. This girl's flying fingers work for Victory.

The R.C.A.F. needs girls, ages 18 to 45, with at least High School Entrance. Apply at your nearest R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre, bringing proof of education and birth certificate. Excellent opportunities for promotion.



Send for this free booklet of life in the R.C.A.F. Write to Director of Manning, R.C.A.F., Jackson Building, Ottawa, or the nearest Recruiting Centre listed at right.

Enlist today



ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

10-WD-M

Recruiting Centres at
Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, North Bay, Windsor, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Moncton, Halifax.

Recruiting Centre Hours
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Wednesdays, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. TUESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS RESERVED FOR WOMEN APPLICANTS ONLY.



One "luxury"
you can still afford —
LUSTROUSLY LOVELY HAIR!

YOU'RE economizing now, but don't neglect your hair! Keep it looking as lustrous and lovely as ever with inexpensive Danderine—applied without wasting a moment of time, while you arrange your hair!

To use Danderine, just sprinkle it on comb or brush. No finger cramping massage. But as you brush or comb your hair, watch it take on lively lustre. See drabness disappear, and shining highlights return. And note, too, how quickly ugly loose dandruff is removed. By using Danderine daily in this way, you'll even find waves lasting longer! Try it now.

Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

Danderine is for men, too! Thousands use it every day. All drug and department stores.



Oh listen, listen,
Ladies Fair—
Start each new day with Pep
to spare.
Surprising just how
pleasant, too,
NR at night does this for you



Natures Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR

NR IS AN ALL VEGETABLE CATHARTIC MADE BY THE MAKERS OF TUMS

yarn pompoms—tiny Chinese bells—small birds—feathers—and cutout designs in felt, including everything from a large red heart to your own initials!

☆☆

Metal being as scarce as hen's teeth, what do you think we're doing for stringing necklaces and bracelets? Why, using narrow black or colored ribbon instead, and some of the smartest costume pieces show ribbon "chains" instead of metals.

☆☆

Cotton Earrings? You heard me! Fifth Avenue is showing—and selling—earrings made of seersucker, rayon, wool, etc., made up into button-type earrings! (Idea! Have you a piece of that dress material left over? Whip yourself up a pair of earrings . . .)

☆☆

Gloves are another accessory you can do a lot of things with this wartime. There will be quite a spring vogue for long, brightly colored gloves to dress up dark dresses. Many places advertise that they will dye your light gloves any color you wish—but bright gals are dyeing their own.

☆☆

Buttons add a great deal of pep to the fashion picture. Some of the "better" dressmakers give you two or even three sets of buttons to change the character of your dress or suit. A great number of these buttons are covered with bright fabric that changes a dark outfit in a twinkling to a colorful one. You may have some old buttons that you could try your hand on!

☆☆

Crochet Collar and Pockets on Coats—that was news to me! But there it was—a casual box coat with huge pockets and a trim collar in cotton crochet whipped right onto a high-priced new spring coat . . . oh, how I wish I could crochet. Goodness knows, my old spring coat could do with new pockets and collar!

☆☆

The Cotton Crop in Fashions is the best I've ever seen—and I've been seeing New York cotton fashions for ten years! Seersuckers are the most favored because they require little or no ironing—a blessing to busy wartime lassies. Good old gingham and chambray come in second place, and the new stripes, checks and plaids in these are so stunning that you'll wear them to the Best Places, right haughtily. We are all getting into cottons earlier this season—here in New York cotton sales last month were the highest yet recorded for that time of the year.

☆☆

Jumpers are walking away with new honors—be ye six, sixteen or sixty, you're "top drawer" when you don a jumper. (Many outmoded dresses can be brought up to 1943 smartness via the jumper renovation. Idea, what?)

☆☆

A New, Bright Thought! I was very interested recently in seeing a fashion show of "old clothes made into new clothes"—wonderfully stimulating! The commentator stressed the fact that



"I live my month's
WORST DAYS in comfort!"

WHAT's to stop you from living every day of the month in active comfort? Certainly, not functional periodic pain! For millions of girls and women have proved how effectively Midol usually relieves such suffering when there is no organic disorder calling for special treatment.

There's more than mere relief of "dreaded days headache" in Midol. For while one ingredient eases headache and the typical muscular pain, another *prolongs* the relief—and a third ingredient offsets miserable "blues." No opiates in Midol, so use it confidently! All drugstores. To try Midol free, send name and address to Helen Crosby, General Drug Company, Dept. 233, Windsor, Ontario. Trial box will be mailed prepaid.

MIDOL

MADE IN CANADA

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW
—Says Nurse Drew

Send for her book and once and for all know the truth about this vital subject. It tells an intimate story about feminine hygiene and explains how Rendells—those pure and dainty suppositories bring safe and complete protection.

Be a happier more confident woman. Depend on Rendells. Send the coupon for Nurse Drew's plain wrapped booklet.

Nurse Drew, c/o Lyman Agencies, Ltd.,
286, St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.

☐ Please send me copy of the Free Booklet "Personal Hygiene".

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for full size carton of Rendells and Free Booklet, to be mailed, prepaid, in plain wrapper.

NAME

ADDRESS

D 35

Rendells are harmless to the most delicate tissue—quickly effective—lasting in protection. Individually foil-wrapped, 12 to a box.



a piece of cloth, a needle, thread and scissors and intelligence can do wonders—and the suits, dresses, curtains, tablecloths, etc., I saw proved she was right. One thing else stressed—don't waste your time working with *poor* fabrics that will give up the ghost with the first washing and wearing. Don't experiment on precious materials—cut up newspapers until you know what you want, and then cut into your cloth. Don't cut up everything in the house at once! Wait until you need something, then go to it!

☆☆

One Little Jacket, worn over a dark dress, was a knockout. Such color, such vivacity. It was made from His neckties, which were hanging on the rack since he'd gone to war!

☆☆

Victory stockings are a novelty you may not want to wear—but at least I can tell you about them! Made of lisle, a "Victory" motif is painted on the anklets—such as a blue "V" and red and white dots and dashes—some have tiny airplanes painted on.

☆☆

Neckwear is having the time of its life—big and little collars—jabots—vestees—dickeys, the more the merrier. A new fad is to sew the matching cuffs on your dark gloves, instead of your sleeves. Grand way to give that light touch to your hands.

☆☆

Allied themes gaining momentum. Russian type blouses, tunics, housecoats—Chinese type hats, jewellery, blouses—and every place you turn the "Good Neighbor" Policy is accentuated with South American colors and Mexican motifs . . .

☆☆

The Gals Down Here are hitting a new high with "Dates"—what with canteens, service clubs, etc., overflowing with lonely lads needing a bit of fun. As every girl nowadays is a working girl, how to change a business outfit into a play outfit requires a little thought. Neckwear, silly little hats, feminine blouses are some of the answers. One little duet did wonders to a dark suit—a saucy white net cap with ruffled edge

Pattern Descriptions

4592—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 of 39-inch or 2 1/2 of 54-inch. Price, 25 cents.

4609—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 of 39-inch or 2 1/4 of 54-inch. Braid: 3/4 yard of 3/8-inch width. Price, 25 cents.

4621—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 of 39-inch or 2 1/2 of 54-inch. Contrast: 1 of 35-inch or 1/2 yard of 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

4588—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. "Simple to Make." Size 16 requires 3 1/4 of 39-inch or 2 1/4 of 54-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

4589—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4. Size 2 requires 1 1/2 of 35-inch plaid, plain or nap material or 1 1/4 of 39-inch plaid or plain material for overalls and collar. The top requires 1 1/4 of 35-inch or 1 1/2 of 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4600—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 of 35-inch or 2 1/4 of 54-inch. Price, 20 cents.

4618—Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 of 35-inch or 2 1/4 of 39-inch lengthwise striped or plain material. Rickrack braid: 3/4 yards. "Simple to Make." Price, 15 cents.

4601—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4. Size 2 requires 1 1/2 of 35-inch; 1 1/2 of 39-inch; 1 1/4 of 44-inch. Ribbon: 2 yards of 1/4-inch width. Price, 15 cents.

4599—Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 3. Size 2 requires 2 1/2 of 35-inch material with or without nap or 1 1/2 of 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4607—Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 3. Pinafore and hat require for size 2: 1 1/2 of 35-inch or 1 1/2 of 39-inch. Lace edging for hat and pinafore: 4 1/4 yards of 1/2-inch. Price, 15 cents.

As a personal contribution to the Canadian Nutrition Program make your Kitchen Work for Victory. For your family's eating pleasure give them their vitamins the Green Giant Way!

"Home Delivery" 1943

NIBLETS

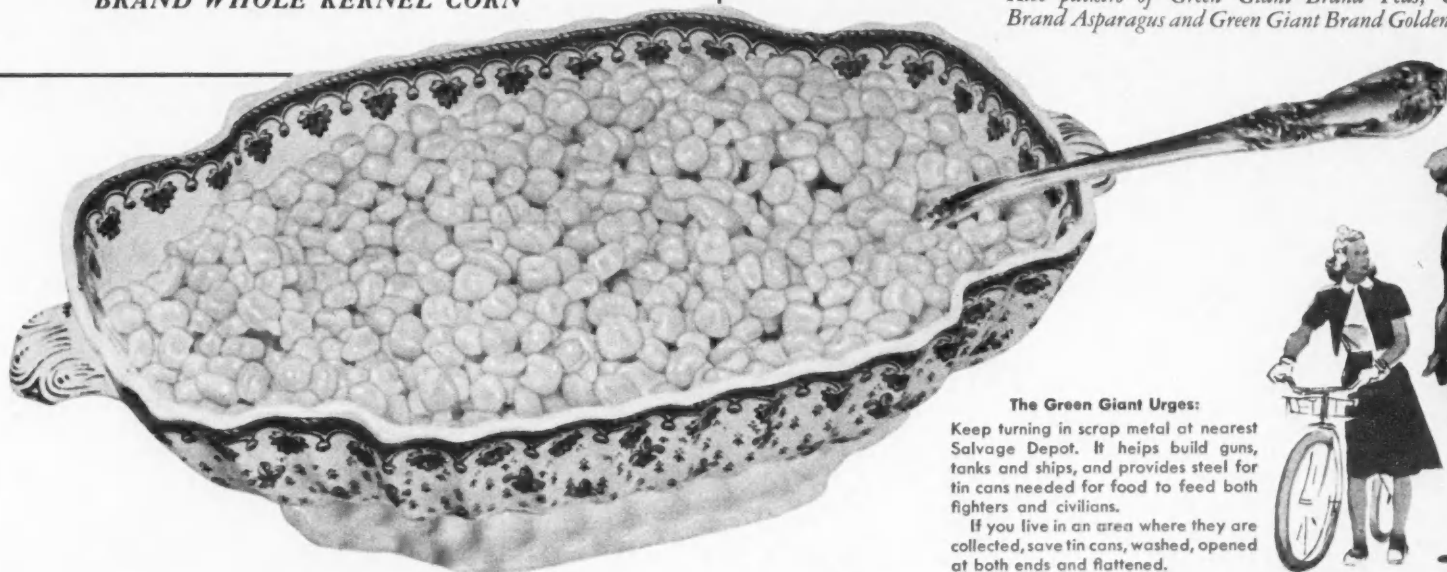
BRAND WHOLE KERNEL CORN

We're carrying our own these days, and liking it. Honestly, don't you feel a little closer to the meal when you pedal or walk home your own foodstuffs? And remember, this helps your grocer carry on at a time when he is so short-staffed.

The most luxurious delivery truck back in "pre-war" days never delivered a better can of corn than that shown in the Bike-Basket above.

It is Niblets Brand whole kernel corn—golden, tender kernels grown from special seed (D-138), cut clean from the cob and packed in vacuum to keep that just-picked flavor. One can serves four.

Packed by Fine Foods of Canada Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of Green Giant Brand Peas, Green Giant Brand Asparagus and Green Giant Brand Golden Wax Beans.



The Green Giant Urges:

Keep turning in scrap metal at nearest Salvage Depot. It helps build guns, tanks and ships, and provides steel for tin cans needed for food to feed both fighters and civilians.

If you live in an area where they are collected, save tin cans, washed, opened at both ends and flattened.

Now keep your teeth BRILLIANTLY CLEAN *with Powder and water*



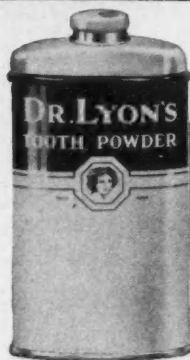
KEEPING teeth brilliantly clean and naturally bright is a daily duty that *powder and plain water* can do just as well as any other dentifrice, and do more economically!

So why be forever changing dentifrices in your desire for sparkling teeth? Change just once more—to Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder used on a moist brush—and see how effective a dentifrice can be that is *all cleanser*. There's no acid or pumice in Dr.

Lyon's, nothing to injure tooth enamel—for it was developed by a practicing dentist. Yet from the very first brushing it makes teeth brighter, refreshing the mouth at the same time. Saves you money, too! Matched for price, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth paste two-to-one.

Next time you need a dentifrice, get tooth *powder*—Dr. Lyon's—and see how much better you like it. All drugstores have it.

Why pay for water in a dentifrice?



Canada's leading tooth powder

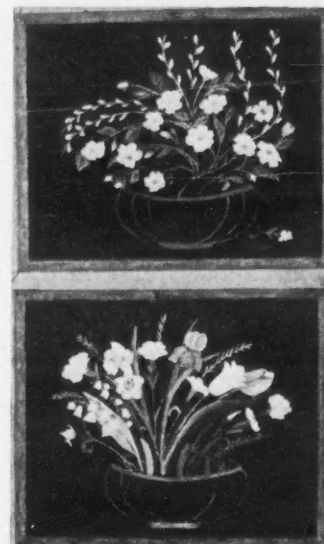
USE **DR. LYON'S**
TOOTH POWDER
...on a moist brush

IT COMES IN TINS... NO EMPTY TUBE NEEDED



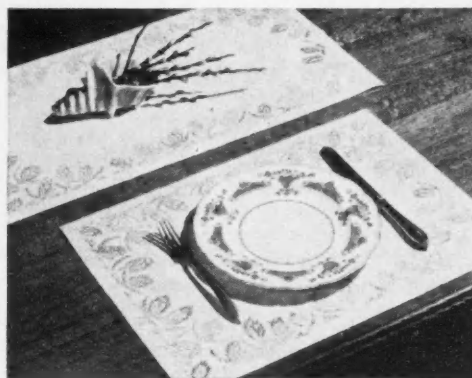
Bring a touch of spring to your walls with these true-to-life flower pictures—the upper panel is a bouquet of pussywillows and wild roses; the lower, daffodils, iris and lily of the valley, to be embroidered on a background of sky blue art felt, 11 x 13 inches, price 50 cents each; cottons for working 982, 30 cents; 983, 20 cents. Order Nos. Daffodils, C982; roses, C983.

Keep your spirits flying with a "V" for Victory" apron. It's a gay little thing in bright Dutch blue twill or strong white cotton with binding in red and cross stitch to be worked in red and white on the blue, or in red and blue on the white cotton, with blue binding. It's a small apron—the skirt about 18 x 21 inches—but with the shorter skirts it's sufficient protection for practically all housework. Please state color desired. Stamped apron with binding, 60 cents; cottons for working, 7 cents. Order No. C981.



NEEDLECRAFT

Order from Marie Le Cerf, 491 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque, add 15 cents for bank exchange. All prices include regular postage. Special postage must be added.



Spring quickies. When spring breaks, you'll want to be out-of-doors, but you can keep your table bright and fresh using these little mat sets which can be laundered in a jiffy, ready to toss on the table. Stamped on strong Irish peasant linen in oyster shade, the crocuses are gay and springlike worked in brilliant colors. The work is all in single stitch. Place mats, about 12 x 18 inches, are 25 cents each; centre mat, about 12 x 21 inches, 35 cents, and 12-inch serviettes 15 cents each. Cottons for working a 4-place set, 40 cents. Order No. C980.

Tailored bedroom set to match the simplicity of a modern room. Very effective worked in two shades of pastel green, but other colors are available and will be sent on request. Vanity set and runner are stamped on heavy cutwork linen in white or cream, or on deep ecru if intended for use in the dining room. The vanity set is 65 cents, the runner 75 cents, and cottons for working either, 30 cents. Order No. C974.



IF SHE went away again, if she relaxed her vigilance—would he? If—but what was she thinking about, anyway. How could a gossiping, restless creature like Wanda make her even consider the question?

She was in Egypt, and she was going to stay there.

She saw how the men, suddenly left without families, without wives, one by one had reacted to their freedom. Some of them were lonely to be sure, but some of them treated the separation as an unexpected term of bachelorhood, right in the middle of married life. It was refreshing—it was rejuvenating. Some of them entertained—at first throwing only stag parties, then no longer stag parties. Oh, there were women in Cairo still. Plenty of them.

Elizabeth spent her afternoon at the hospital. She worked with an almost feverish energy to escape from the two important things in her life that were somehow getting out of hand: her son and her husband.

But the vision of Jerry in uniform haunted her, and the pictures were far too easily conjured up by what she saw around her—Jerry lying crumpled on the sand as these had lain, being picked up by the ambulance corps as these had been, carried to a hospital like this, somewhere, to lie white-faced and detached—even the thought was scarcely to be endured.

She hurried home with a sense of absolution—of having more than done her duty that day.

She recalled how when they were first married she had done nothing all day but wait for Hal's phone call at noon, and his train at night, and how the whole day slanted idly and inevitably toward Hal's homecoming. She dismissed the happy, vague girl-wife, with a touch of contempt.

Quickly she slipped into a pale green dress that would become her admirably by candlelight when she sat opposite Hal at the polished dining room table, exquisitely set with crisp linen doilies and a few of her white roses in a green bowl as a centerpiece. She liked to make herself part of the home that awaited him—cool, perfect.

FROM HER room upstairs, she watched Hal coming up the path through the garden, standing in such a way that even if he should glance up he would not catch sight of her. It was these little betraying things that she hid from him, with which she had been so free in the first years of their marriage. They were small but important to her pride, important in keeping him from being too utterly sure of her in the way he had been, without reserve, so that it was hard to tell, he would say jestingly, where he left off and she began.

Elizabeth hurried downstairs and was in the living room when he entered. She put down her hastily snatched up book. "Hello, Hal," she said.

"Hello, darling," he answered. It was a long sweet kiss. She felt almost flustered, and only because she made

herself look at him, did she not glance away in betrayal of her confusion.

He sat down on a puff by the fireplace, and clasping his hands in front of him in a characteristic gesture, he said, "I have a surprise for you, Liza."

"A surprise? What is it, Hal? Do tell me—you know I can never guess."

He smiled. "You're just the way you used to be as a girl," he said, "at least in that. I'll give you a hint. It's a letter."

"From Jerry!" she exclaimed. "Do give it to me, Hal." She stretched out her hand. "You know, just this morning"—she bit her lip suddenly, as she recalled in what connection she had thought of her son—"all day, I've been thinking of him off and on."

"What were you thinking of in between?" he asked lightly, putting his hand in the pocket of his coat, and drawing out the letter, but not giving it to her, holding it tantalizingly in his hands.

"You," she replied without thinking, her attention on the letter.

He put it away. "We'll have it after supper," he said.

"But why?" she cried, starting from her chair. "No, don't tease me, Hal. I do want it, very much."

He held her by the shoulders, and then was suddenly holding her in his arms.

"Liza," he said, "as a special favor."

A tremor ran through her. "Is something wrong?" she exclaimed.

"No, nothing. Only there's something rather important in the letter, and I want to have this meal with you, not talking about it, just being together. All right?"

"All right," she agreed, closely held against him. Her heart was beating, partly at the suddenness of his embrace, and its fervor, partly at the fear of what that letter might contain.

Abduh announced supper and they started away guiltily like two young lovers, then smiled at each other, going into the dining room.

Hal talked a good deal during the meal, and it was as if he were trying with every word and every look he gave her, to reassure her of something. But what? She ate little, responding to his remarks, yet once more contained within herself in that long reserve so assiduously cultivated, from which for a short time he had just succeeded in startling her.

They had coffee by the fireplace, where Abduh had lit a small fire, for as soon as the sun went down, there was the sudden change from heat to cold, and the air from the garden took on the dankness of mist.

"Now," said Elizabeth. "Do stop this, Hal, and give me the letter."

He gave it to her without a word. Then he lit his pipe and stood with his back to her, leaning on the mantelpiece, one of his feet on the irons.

Even in her eagerness to get at the letter, Elizabeth was aware of the tall heroic figure he made.

It was one of Jerry's homesick letters. It went on and on, with that unmistak-

SPRING FORSOOTH!

BY MAY RICHSTONE

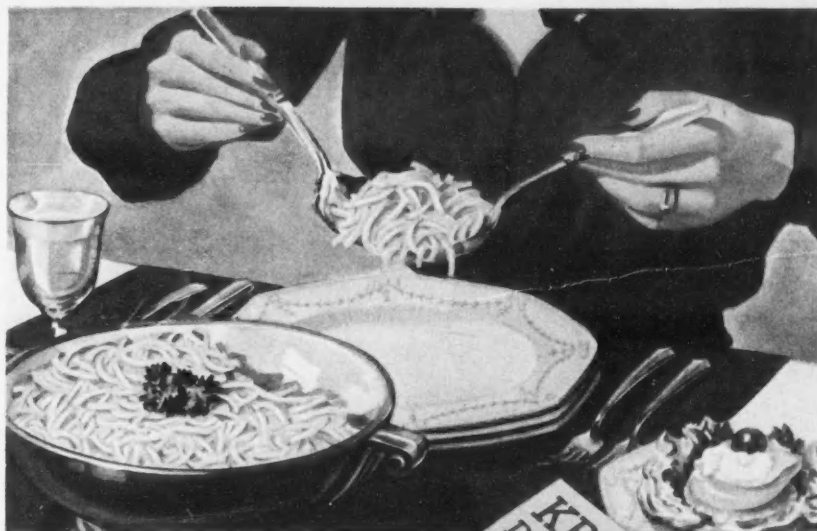


It's all a myth. Winter will stay
Rock-bound forever and a day.
Despite what calendars may say.

And if today the air seems mild,
I'm not, I swear, one whit beguiled—
Tomorrow new snow will be swirl-
ing wild.

I've stopped my wistful wondering.
I'm quite convinced there's no such
thing
As spring!

Delicious macaroni-and-cheese in 7 minutes cooking time



BUSY LADY... these days particularly Kraft Dinner is your dish. Your main dish... really thrifty, really fast! Just 7 minutes at the stove and Kraft Dinner gives you fluffy-light macaroni drenched in cheese goodness! The folks will love it. The cost? Only a few cents a serving!



SMOOTH-MELTING VELVEETA GIVES YOU SWELL CHEESE SAUCE *quick!*



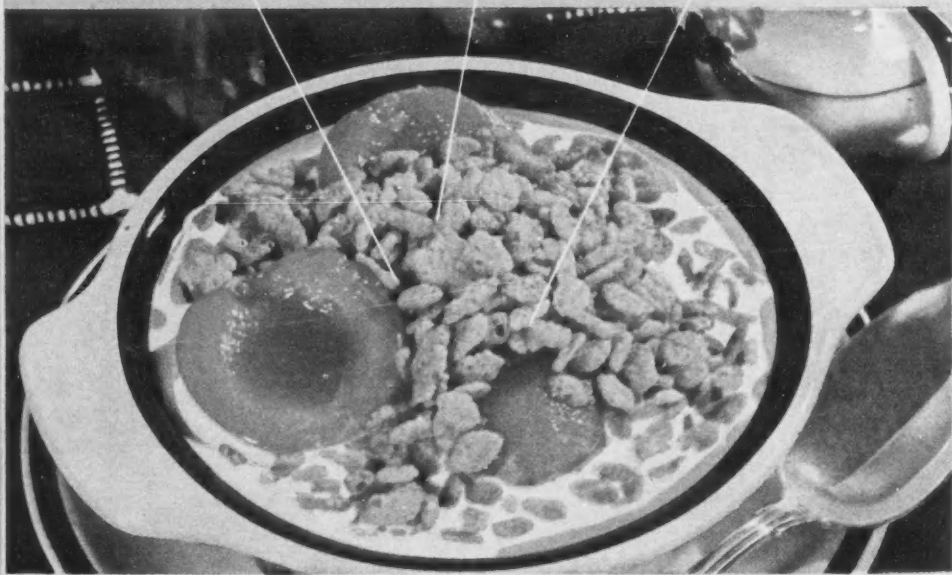
● Simply melt ½ pound of this famous cheese food in the top of a double boiler. Then stir in ½ cup of milk. Presto!... satin-smooth, delicious cheese sauce is ready... to glamorize vegetables... to "stretch" left-over meats or fish. And... to add fine milk nutrients as well as rich yet mild Cheddar cheese flavor!

PASTEURIZED...
DIGESTIBLE AS
MILK ITSELF

Crisp

so crisp they "talk!"

snap! crackle! pop!



Take their "happy breakfast" tip!

★ Enjoy your share of mellow crispness—every morning!

First, tilt the Rice Krispies package. More—lots more. Then add milk or cream and listen. Such a merry hubbub! Snap—crackle—pop . . . snap—crackle—pop, the golden morsels talk right up. It's their way of telling how lastingly crisp they are.

No matter how much milk or cream you pour on, they stay

crisp to the very last spoonful.

Delicious Rice Krispies are the most different cereal you have ever known. An exclusive Kellogg recipe, oven-popping and gentle toasting make certain of that.

Serve Rice Krispies tomorrow. They're real tongue tempters!

"Rice Krispies" is the registered trademark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its brand of oven-popped rice.



Every member of the family loves cheery Rice Krispies. Even grouchy breakfasters fall in love with their merry snap! crackle! pop! in milk or cream.

Hour of Need :: Continued from page 7

losing Hal? But it had been stronger than she was, she could not help herself.

The boys that lay on the narrow beds in the hospital ward, row on row, were scarcely older than Jerry—some of them looked younger than eighteen.

"You're very quiet today, Elizabeth. Anything wrong?" asked her neighbor. "No—nothing," she replied. "I seem to be indulging in retrospect."

She tried to shed her own mood with the remark, but it lasted. She glanced at her watch. Twelve o'clock. She got up with the firmly final gesture with which she emphasized all her movements.

A quick dash in the pool would refresh her—already she was dreading the afternoon shift at the hospital.

There were some girls in shorts and R.A.F. boys on precious week-end leave, playing tennis; one or two groups sitting around the straw tables set on the lawn, and a handful sunning themselves around the open pool. It seemed fantastic that tomorrow some of them would be up in the air again, helmeted and grim-lipped.

She changed in one of the cabins, and after taking a shower to cool her body a little, she plunged and swam back and forth a few times, with her rhythmic powerful crawl. Then she climbed out, took off her cap, spread out her large white cape and lay down, putting her wrist watch near by, so she would stay no longer than five or six minutes.

As she shut her eyes she recalled, as if it were another incarnation, the period of her life when time meant nothing at all. For a moment she longed to drift again into that relaxation, that easy abandonment which she had so long foregone.

But it would not have been endurable to live without discipline. Hal would surely have tired of her, her bursts of weeping, for instance, and her way of asking him: "Do you really love me? Say it again, Hal—say that you really love me!"

How could such a dolt of a girl ever hope to hold a man like Hal?

"HELLO THERE," said a lazy voice. Elizabeth sat bolt upright in the sun. A wave of dizziness struck her with the force of a physical blow. Now, that had been a foolish thing to do. She should have known better than that. She had been so absorbed in her thoughts . . . it was Wanda, the wife of one of the British officials stationed at Cairo.

"Hello," responded Elizabeth without enthusiasm. She picked up her cape and moved gingerly into the shade.

Wanda was insinuatingly blond and vaguely reminded her of the cabaret girl, whom she had gone to see in her "act"—not that Hal ever discovered

that. Yes, Wanda moved just in the way that the girl had moved in her dance, flavoring every tensing of her muscles and her long, almost overlong, legs.

"It's a dull life with the husband away," remarked Wanda, coming with her and throwing herself down on part of the cape.

Elizabeth did not answer at once. Although she too lived for Hal, it wasn't in Wanda's way. What way, then? Well, it was altogether different, she thought, angry at her own small devil of contention.

"Why, is your husband away?" she asked coldly.

"Yes, fancy, he was called away just like that. Transferred to some awful post where I can't go, and I don't know when he'll be back, or even where he is. I get letters fairly often, but what are letters?" She gave a shrug. "Pieces of paper—bah!"

She lay down, taking possession of more than half of Elizabeth's cape. Her aqua-colored bathing suit was most becoming, Elizabeth granted grudgingly, feeling by contrast dowdy in her neat maroon.

"Letters are something," she couldn't help saying. "Lots of people are living for letters these days."

It did sound pompous, she regretted having said it, but Wanda always had this disturbing effect on her, putting her suddenly out of sorts.

"You should talk, my dear," said Wanda, "you're safe enough. There's no danger of them sending Hal anywhere. And I don't suppose you'd leave him."

"I wouldn't leave him, no," said Elizabeth in a still more icy tone. "Nor would you, I suppose, if you had a choice."

"Leave him? No, I certainly wouldn't. You're absolutely right, my dear, to stay. Absolutely right!" She laughed.

"I meant, naturally, your own husband."

"Tom? Poor Tom." She sighed. "He'd never look at another woman. Well, I must have a dip if I'm going to, and then I'm meeting some friends on the terrace—would you care to join us?"

"No, thank you," said Elizabeth, with emphasis that she felt was excusably rude. But she modified it. "I have a lot to do," she explained.

"Yes, of course, you're one of these busy people."

It was true that Wanda was always like that, but this morning her half-careless, half-pointed remarks were like quills that stuck fast. What did she mean by these hints, as if Elizabeth were hanging on to her husband, and everybody knew it; as if Hal would look at another woman, if she let him?

Well, would he?

✦ Continued on next page

was thinking of leaving Hal. No, she would not. Hadn't she promised herself that she never would again?

"I shan't leave you," she stated.

He stepped toward her. "Liza," he said, "the way you say that, the way you refused to go with the others—makes me think—Liza, have you still not forgotten, that old, old affair?"

"What affair?" she asked sharply.

But her eyes had given her away before she dropped them.

"Then it has been that, all these years!" he exclaimed. "That's what has shut you away from me!"

"How do you mean?" she asked, struggling to regain her certainties, her poise. She tried to be calm, but her voice and the nervous gesture of her hand to her hair were not to be controlled.

"I mean that you never quite forgave me, or trusted me again?"

He waited, his dark handsome face intent.

She hesitated. She began to walk up and down, not with her duchess walk, but with something of her own vagrant manner of the past.

"I suppose not," she said at last.

"So you turned into somebody else," he said, "somebody you thought could hold her own more securely." His voice became sorrowful. "Oh, Liza," he said, "what a lot of life we've wasted!"

She caught her breath. Before she knew it, she was saying those same old stupid words. "Then, do you love me, Hal? I mean, do you really love me?"

"You've been the roots of my life, Liza," he answered her slowly. "There's never been any woman since I met you. You must know that."

The color flooded her cheeks, and she stretched out her hands to him, as she had not done for—how long?—always waiting for him to make the first advance.

He grasped them strongly.

They stood gazing at each other, as if they had met again after an endlessly long separation.

All at once her hands in his grew limp.

"Oh, Hal," she said. "Jerry."

"Yes," he said. "Jerry."

THEY SAT down together on the sofa, and stayed for a while without talking, looking at the fire that was crackling and growing. One long flame was drawn by adraught from the door, and flickered toward them beckoningly.

"I would see him perhaps for a few weeks, before—"

"Read that letter again," he commanded.

She read it again, slowly. This time, reading more carefully, she found not only loneliness but an unspoken horror of war. Perhaps, in a way, he wanted her to explain—not that she could. She remembered how many years it had taken for her to grow up, to get her balance a little, in all the contradictory world. And what was that peaceful time to this? Jerry was so much like her. Perhaps she could help his confusion. At least she could give him her presence, for whatever comfort that might afford him.

"He's such a sensitive youngster," said Hal, as if reading and reinforcing her thoughts. "It may make all the difference in the way he gets through the war, in what sort of a man he'll be in

✦ Continued on page 44

*Easter
delight!*



Holeproof Luxsheer Rayons

• Watch her strut!
HOLEPROOF Stockings are more fashionable in appearance—sheerer—duller—smarter. More resistant to snagging, too.

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Girls' jacket, suspender skirt and blouse. The blouse may have short puffed sleeves or long bishop sleeves gathered to a wristband. The circular skirt is belted at the waist, and the suspenders button on. Sizes 8 to 12. Order from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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This fine old Remedy HAS 100 USES IN THE HOME!

WHEN Jimmy skins his knees or Mary burns her hand, when your husband's feet are burning or your own hands red and chapped, it's good to know that there's a bottle of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly in the medicine cabinet.

No doubt your mother and your grandmother put their

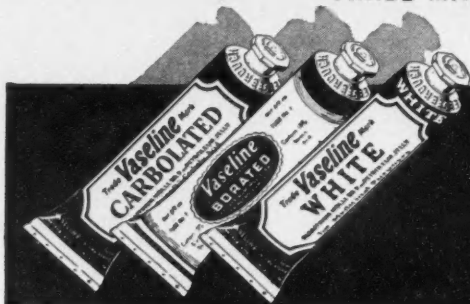
trust in 'Vaseline' Jelly. After seventy years it is still a favourite remedy in thousands of homes. To be sure of getting the genuine 'Vaseline' Jelly, scientifically prepared and purified, look for the trademark 'Vaseline' when you buy.

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• "Vaseline" Medicated Preparations provide an inexpensive First Aid Kit for the home or when travelling. Try "Vaseline" Carbolyated Jelly for minor cuts, wounds and burns, and "Vaseline" Borated Jelly for inflamed eyelids, or nasal irritations.

able undercurrent of homesickness so strong that it set her own heart aching, as his must have ached while he wrote it. She turned the pages. This was really exceptionally long, she thought, and he went from one subject to the other in an evasive sort of way, as if avoiding, delaying—just as Hal had done—What is it? she thought.

Almost in the last paragraph he blurted out, "Mom, I'll be in with the others soon. It sure would be good to see you."

SO THAT was it. Very simple, after all. It was happening to everyone, wasn't it? All her friends back home, all the women here, had somebody in the war. But Jerry!

Shakily she got up and went to the fireplace. Hal had remained standing with his back turned, broodingly. She touched his shoulder.

"Hal," she said, "is it true? Is he going to be in the Army?"

"I'm afraid we might have expected it, Liza," he answered. He turned his head so that their eyes met. There was a question in his.

She stared back without knowing what the question was. It was strange. She had not looked into his eyes like that for so long. They were rather sombre.

He knocked the tobacco out of his pipe.

He pocketed it.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"Going?" she repeated. "You mean, going to—why, Hal, I never thought of such a thing."

"Why not?" he asked, so abruptly it sounded harsh.

She remained without answering, standing before him like a culprit suddenly accused.

"It's the least," he said. "We haven't given him very much. He's had a pretty thin time, really. And now—he's so young to be going into all that—he may even be killed. He wants to see you, Liza. After all, you're his mother. It's the least," he repeated.

"But," said Elizabeth, "I won't be able to come back! You know I'll have to turn in my passport once I'm home! They'd never give me permission to return." She cast about for some stronger excuse. "Hal, it's dangerous to cross."

"When were you ever afraid of danger," he replied, "of physical danger? I didn't see you even once upset when the air raids were on every night, and everyone was getting more tense. No darling," he finished gravely, "you can't make me believe you're afraid."

"But—it's almost impossible to get passage over!"

"I can manage that. I can get you passage on a plane to Capetown, and you can take the clipper from there."

"But I won't be able to come back!"

She searched his face almost with terror. Did it mean nothing to him? Nothing?

"I know," he said. "We have to face that, just like everyone else."

"It seems that you've made up your mind," she said in sudden defiance, lifting her chin.

"Oh, no," said Hal, "it's up to you. But I sincerely hope that you will decide to go."

He paused. Her lips quivered. She was not thinking of Jerry at all; she had for the moment forgotten him. She

AMAZING PROFESSIONAL MOTHPROOFING METHOD

now available for home use



JUST a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes.

Now Mrs. Neal won't have the bother of wrapping up this suit or storing it away! She just puts it back in the closet on its usual hanger.

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas, or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woollen mills, laundries, and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive — only 83¢ for 16 ounces, \$1.29 for 32 ounces. Dry-cleaning won't impair its year-long moth - protection, either.

Protect all your woollens this professional way. Use LARVEX!

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FOR ALL THE SERVICES —
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For so long a stand-by in the home, this permanent, economical method of identifying clothing and belongings is now helping our men and women in the Forces to avoid losses — at home or away. Made in military colours. Easily attached. (No-So Cement not available for duration.)

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CASH'S, 13 Grier Street, Belleville, Ont.
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EVERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT



Issued by The
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sloppy limp old girdle or the none-at-all program some women drivers used to choose for comfort.

"When we go back to long pleasure drives and hard-hitting games again, we'll find these lighter, firmer garments too satisfying to be done away with," she predicted. She said many older women found them especially good for



long hours of sitting at sewing tables, or work in canteens or other jobs where they were doing more physical labor than they had been accustomed to.

THE BEST known Canadian manufacturers have retained the best and most distinguishing features of their garments; like the recently achieved adjustable waistline, which gives the garment extra expansion when you are sitting down, and pulls it back snugly when you stand; the special cushion inset bra top for extra-firm control; the overlapping brassiere and front lacing for better adjustment, the slide fastener closings and built-up shoulder straps for better hip and shoulder lines.

They have retained the fine non-shrinkable, easily washable fabrics, and added new elastic substitutes and garter tabs. But virtually all the important lines this year are designed to help the wearer do a better job of work without tiring.

CHOOSING LINGERIE has become a thoughtful task, since we are buying so carefully, and since there are restrictions on a number of lines.

It's a joy, therefore, to find that you can still get those delicately scented garments which have a clinging, lasting fragrance "woven in" and are anti-perspirant.

Some of the most attractive panties are being made in a flat-knit stitch in a new light, perforated pattern that gives a very lacy effect, and is grand for warm weather wear. Flat knit prevents sagging, you know, and interlocked stitches in lingerie mean that most valued of all features—runproof.

You can get nighties, panties and slips still in tea rose, blue, white and black, to match your summer things. +

FOR THE WRENS

Soon you'll be seeing the Navy girls in their immaculate summer uniforms, set off with white oxfords. Take a good look at those shoes. The War Savings Certificate you put away in your strong-box last week may have paid for them. Each pair of summer shoes for the WRENS costs Canada exactly \$4. When you realize that there are some 4,000 volunteers awaiting acceptance for this important service job—eager to give up their private lives and freedom in order to release men for sea duty—you'll understand why you MUST continue to invest in

WAR SAVINGS



A glorious breath of April, fresh as rain-washed grass — Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass is one of the world's great fragrances.

After your bath . . . or at odd moments during the day . . . to make you feel fresh . . . enjoy an all-over spray with spirit-lifting Blue Grass Flower Mist. Revel in the silken smoothness of cloud-soft Blue Grass Dusting Powder. And finally, the precious Blue Grass Perfume itself — greatest of Elizabeth Arden's successes.

Give Blue Grass by Elizabeth Arden at Eastertime and you give Spring itself.

BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST	\$1.50
Gift Wrapped with atomizer	\$1.75
BLUE GRASS DUSTING POWDER	\$2.15
BLUE GRASS FLOWER MIST and Dusting Powder (gift-wrapped)	\$1.85
BLUE GRASS PERFUME	\$3.50
	\$1.50 to \$66.00



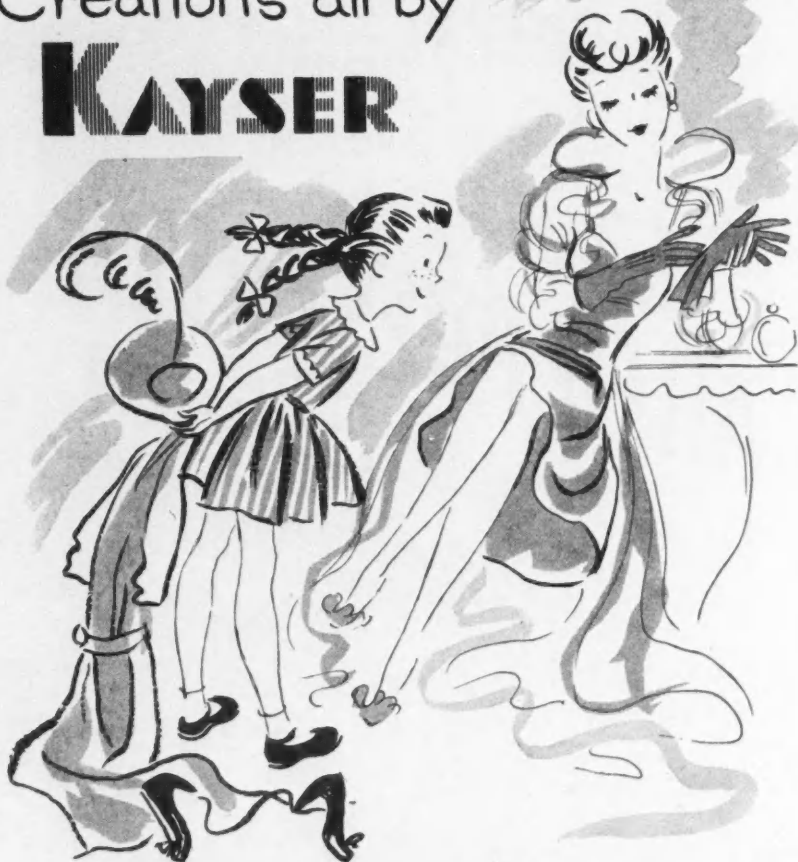
Elizabeth Arden

AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN



Said the Glamour
Gal
To the Glamour
Brat,
When You're Older
You'll be Wiser.

You'll want Undies,
Gloves
and Hosiery,
Creations all by
KAYSER



"BE WISER—BUY KAYSER" AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS, TOO!

Behind the Lines of Your 1943 Figure

By Carolyn Damon

YOU CAN laugh without a tremor the next time you hear that wartime jest about women being "all out for defense" when they give up the elastic in their girdles.

Because the foundation garment designers have been right in there pitching, working like mad to get elastic substitutes. And they've evolved a fabric that

many more things, has stimulated the sale of foundation garments tremendously. Not only in the heavier garments, for women doing hard physical work that requires special support, like many of our war jobs, but in the lighter junior types as well.

Girls who used to be at home most of the time are now at business or in war plants or in the armed services. As you know, special allowances are made for garments for Navy, Army and Air Force since good posture and tailored trimness are so important a part of their appearance. Older and heavier women who haven't been particularly active in the past are walking a great deal, carrying their own bundles, working long hours in Red Cross or church sewing rooms, or doing jobs in war plants, restaurants and other essential services.

So foundation garments are definitely on the job behind the lines.

In the heavier garments, like the one-piece pictured opposite with the fold-over front, special support for abdomen and back muscles has been built in. Yet it is a light pliable garment to wear, and



has a one-way stretch but holds firm the other way; and springs right back into position after a good sudsing.

Some of those who are trying it out for the first time in the garments you'll be seeing this spring, are so pleased with the results that they say these "emergency rations" in foundations will become part of the new-order substitutes it took a war to discover.

It's true that there's less elastic in all your new spring garments. The Government has set a rigid limit on the amount that can be used in each girdle, or single-piece outfit. But most of the companies agree that in so doing they have made it possible for more women to have more new garments, and over a longer period of time than could otherwise have happened. For the elastic is going to stretch over an extra couple of seasons.

It's perfectly true that even the best elastic substitutes won't stretch as much as elastic and elasticized fabrics did. But therein lies a blessing in disguise. You should demand, and get, much better fitting of your garments than you used to have. In the old days you could always stretch it a bit to get in or out.

very attractively designed. It's a great favorite with defense workers.

For lighter war work, and designed especially to wear with slacks and overalls, there are attractive and comfortably fitting two-piece garments like the one pictured below. The brassiere has special support and the pantie girdle has longer than usual legs, and is garterless.

One well-known firm's leading demonstrator believes that both the pantie girdle and the heavier garment designed for defense workers will be part of the post-war clothes setup. She herself has found the firmer foundation grand for long hours of driving and golf, and much saner and more satisfactory than the



But now you want to be sure that you are fitted beyond shadow of a doubt, and you should see to it that any necessary alterations are properly made before you leave the shop.

THE FACT that we are all getting out and about so much more, and doing so





Outfit courtesy The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.

IT'S SPRING AGAIN

Let's Face It!

By ADELE WHITE

THAT SEASON'S here again! Crocuses and snowdrops are poking their heads above ground, and the early bird gets the best peckings.

And, speaking of early birds, how are you fixed? All set for the Easter parade with a clear healthy skin, sparkling eyes and a brand-new hair-do to suit your spring bonnet? Or do I hear you murmur that spring doesn't mean a darned thing to you this year, with the man in your life a thousand miles away?

When you find yourself in that frame of mind, just remember he carries a mental picture of you, the way you looked that last night before he left. It won't help his morale at all to have you go all limp and droopy. And what's more, do you recall what grandma used to say when you moped? "Be careful, or your face may freeze that way!"

Don't Wear The War On Your Face. I know that's just peddling sunshine, but worry doesn't do a thing for you but make you look and feel older. There's one way you can make Old Man Worry take a back seat—that's by being on the jump every minute of the day and keeping your mind

firmly fixed on the future, when all those plans you've made come true.

You Can't Sit This Year Out. Beauty, unfortunately, can't be put down, forgotten, and then picked up at some later date. It just won't stand still. It either goes forward or backward. So better not let it give you the slip.

Perhaps one of the reasons you feel droopy is because spring finds you a little dog-eared round the edges as far as appearance goes. Now's the time to go into drydock for a complete overhaul. Sit yourself down in front of your mirror and spend some critical moments finding out what damage winter has done to your face. You've been living in overheated houses, going from them to the cold outdoors, with the wind and the sleet in your face—with the result: a bad case of dry flaky skin.

Dry skin is easily curable if you're persistent. Before bedding down each night, cleanse your face with a mild facial soap. Massage special oily night cream into your face and neck. Smooth off excess with some tissue, but leave enough on to get in its good work while you sleep. + Continued on next page

OUR COVER GIRL: (Above) Nothing like a good bold splash of red after a long winter of sombre clothes! That hat, set well back on the head and sweeping round like a brilliant halo behind the face, is guaranteed to do very special spirit-reviving things. It's of fine straw, with no trimming except for the fluid fabric tails in the same dashing red. The bag holds everything from lipstick to new ration book. And the suit is one of those simple, soft blue gabardine affairs that you'll love forever.

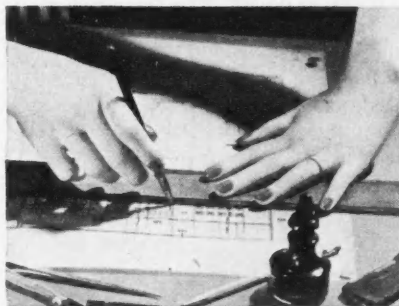


THEY ALSO SERVE LOVE ..these Hands of Women who work

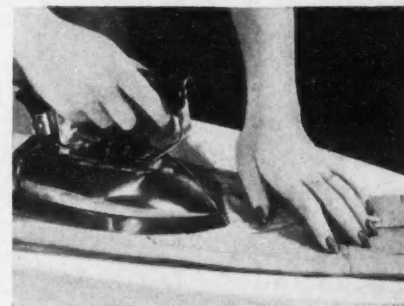
A MAN IS PROUD when his girl's hands work hard and still are soft to touch. And you manage so easily, when you use Jergens Lotion.

That's like giving your hands professional care—only mighty quick and easy. Pleasant, too.

Think happily while you apply Jergens Lotion — "I'm benefiting my skin with the same 2 ingredients many doctors use to help neglected, roughened skin become younger-looking, smoother, softer." It's smart to use Jergens Lotion.



Using India ink, specially heavy carbon paper, in a war plant, means many extra handwashings. Regular use of Jergens Lotion helps prevent skin-dryness, harsh, chapped hands.



More hard work, often, at home. But Jergens protects the youth-like, comfortable smoothness of your hands. Furnishes your hand skin with much-needed beauty-giving moisture...



Needed—because frequent handwashings deplete nature's skin-softening moisture. No

bother to smooth on Jergens. No sticky feeling. The first application soothes chapping.

★ BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★

(MADE IN CANADA)

"It's time someone took the child in hand!"



1. It isn't like Joe, my husband, to lose his temper with our youngster. But this day, when I came in from shopping, he was *really* upset. "This child," he said, "has got to learn to take his laxative without all this fuss and fighting. What's more, I'm going to *make* him take it."



2. Then I interrupted, "Wait, Joe. It's my fault for not telling you something I learned from the doctor just the other day. He said it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on a child. It can upset his whole nervous system."



3. "Well, the laxative we've been giving Johnny is bad-tasting and when I was shopping today I should have bought some Castoria. That's what the doctor suggested. He explained that it's pleasant-tasting, so children like it."



4. "He said Castoria is made *especially* for children. And he approves it because it's safe, yet effective. He told me it's gentle and mild, so it very seldom causes griping or upsets digestion. Let's go get a bottle now."



5. Our druggist praised Castoria, too. "I recommend it," he said, "not only for babies, but for youngsters up to 10 years. Especially, now, when colds are prevalent and there may be more need for a laxative."



6. I bought the money-saving Family Size, and we gave Johnny Castoria. One taste, and he took the whole spoonful, grinning. Joe was amazed. "All I wish, dear," he said, "is that you'd let me in on these things sooner!"

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

Hour of Need

Continued from page 41

the future, if you share a little bit of yourself now.

She got up uncertainly, went to the piano, came back to him.

"Hal," she said, "I suppose you think I'm not much of a mother."

"I don't think that," he denied.

"Well, perhaps I'm not. But when I balance not seeing you for I don't know how long, and seeing Jerry for a few weeks, perhaps, before he goes off and I'm left stranded alone there, with you here—for years—I can't see it. I don't want to go. Although I do want to see Jerry—yes, though you may not believe me, I'm longing to see him this very minute."

"It's up to you," he said again. "But I think you should go, little as I can imagine being without you. I'll know that you're safe, at least, and you'll know that I'm reasonably safe—and the war can't last forever."

Reasonably safe from bombs, she thought, yes. But what about the other thing? What about women like Wanda, who had their Toms away, who were bored without men? What of the cabarets to which she knew the other men in Hal's office went regularly, to watch the floor show and drink with the dancing girls, the rest being left to each man's discretion? How could she bear to have Hal join their ranks?

Did he perhaps want to? Was *that* why he wanted her to go?

"What's the matter, Liza?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"There goes my sweetheart again," he said bitterly. "Tucked away, hidden out of sight."

He caught her wrist almost cruelly. "Tell me now, what you thought of. Tell me what makes your eyes change, what changes you altogether like this, just when I think we are as close as we used to be."

"Nonsense, Hal—why, there's nothing at all. You imagine things."

"I don't imagine it, when your eyes get narrow, as if you didn't trust me. Don't you trust me?" he demanded.

She hesitated. "Why, of course I do."

"I don't believe you," he said, after a long silence which he spent in looking attentively at her face. "You don't dare to leave me. It's true. I overheard some of the fellows joking about it the other day. They seemed to think that you were a very competent warden, and that I didn't have a chance to get away from you."

He laughed. "It's queer to hear people talking about you, Liza, and about me—looking at us from the outside. We seemed sort of pathetic to me, as if we hadn't been quite successful in living together."

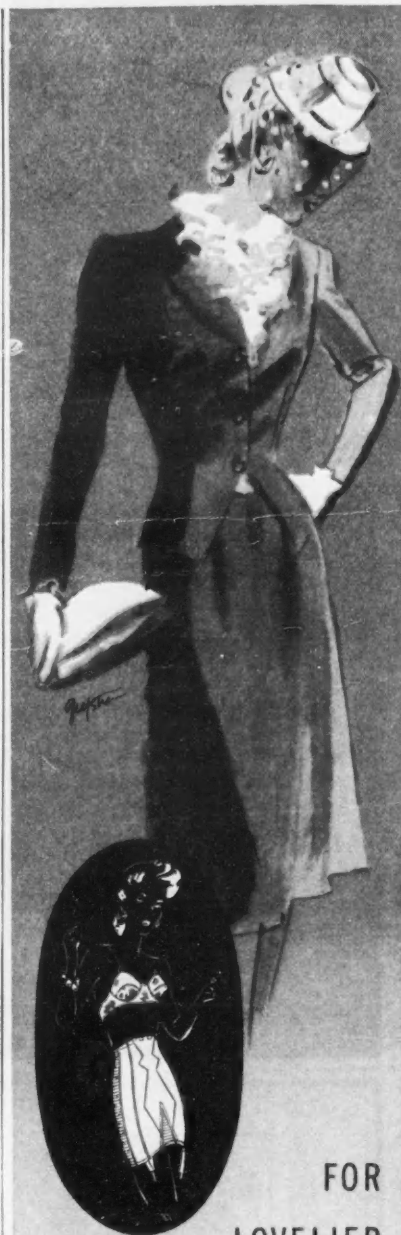
She took a deep breath. So it had come. So unexpectedly. He was through with her.

"And yet I love you so," he said.

SHE COVERED her face with her hands, in relief, in conflicting emotion and escape. She had covered it so when he asked her to marry him.

It was a little as if he were asking her to marry him all over again. Only first she must go away and trust him, before she could come back to his arms again. That was what he was asking her to do.

Continued on page 46



FOR
LOVELIER
CURVES...AND
LESS FATIGUE

That sense of competence—which you're eager to bring to your war-time work — is very considerably enhanced when you choose Flexees. Not only do Flexees give you lovelier curves, a more slender waistline; they bring, too, welcome support to help you overcome fatigue. Ask for Flexees:

Girdles and Combinations: \$6 to \$16.50
FLEXEES, 240 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Flexees
FOR A FINER FIGURE

FLEX-ible EASE is the key to FLEXEES

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON

Don Juan Lipstick is a favorite of today's busy women because:

1. Stays on for hours—no retouching necessary—gives soft, natural looking lips.
2. Creamy-smooth—no "greasy" appearance. Will not dry or chap lips.
3. Comes in beautiful, new, all-plastic container.

• DeLuxe Size \$1.10 at drug and department stores, Refills 60¢. Matching Don Juan Face Powder, \$1.10; Rouge, 75¢... 17¢ for trial sizes at 15¢ stores. Ask to see the famous Military Red—a clear, red shade.

DON JUAN



As in... 1914-1918.

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

also *Serves!*

15¢ — 2 for 25¢

IF SINUS PAIN OR Acute CATARRH

Makes You Miserable

Specialized Medication Works Where Trouble Is...

If sinus trouble, or stuffiness of acute catarrh, clogs your nose, hinders breathing, keeps you from getting to sleep at night, do this... Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. This special Vicks medicine for the nose shrinks swollen membranes—soothes irritation—relieves congestion—and brings greater breathing comfort. TRY IT!... Tonight! Follow directions in the package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

STEP BY STEP



--in lengthening the life of your rayon stockings
by Helen G. Campbell

1. Buy for good fit—usually half a size smaller than your prewar silkies.
2. Wash before the first wearing; they'll fit better and give you longer wear.
3. Remove your rings—all but the plain gold band—before you begin, in order to avoid catching threads. Be careful of rough fingernails—for the same reason.
4. Make a deep rich suds of mild soap and lukewarm water. Temperature is important, for too-warm water is hard on the fibres and tends to fade your hose.
5. Don't soak—or they may be streaky. And don't rub; rayon loses fifty per cent of its strength when wet, so gentle handling is a "must" in stocking care. Squeeze the suds through the material until the soil is removed, then squeeze out the water without wringing or twisting.
6. Rinse in three waters on the coolish side, using the same gentle squeezing motion and being careful never to wring or twist.
7. To dry, roll your stockings in a towel and knead or pat to remove excess moisture. Then unroll at once.
8. Hang over a rod in the shade and not too near a radiator or stove. Never peg to a line for, remember, the threads are quite weak when wet.
9. Ease into shape—gently now!—and give them 48 to 72 hours to dry thoroughly before wearing again. It takes this long for them to regain their strength. Better have three pairs on the go—the one pair you are wearing and the other two recuperating after their bath.
10. Perspiration is an enemy of rayon, so wash your stockings after each wearing—as soon as you take them off.
11. Draw on and remove stockings carefully; watch those rings and fingernails again.
12. On a rainy day when you get your stockings soaked or even spotted, be extra careful in the way you pull up or straighten the seams. Wet fibres are weak and a stocking is no stronger than its weakest thread. Though you may not know it, hitching or yanking is the cause of many runs. +

"Just to be polite—
you'd think they'd
ask me to lunch!"



Edna: "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown . . . or what's wrong with me?"

Miss Brown: "Our girls aren't really snooty—you'd like them if you knew them! I've been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won't mind if I give you a tip?"



Edna: "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"

Miss Brown: "That morning rush can wilt a bath. So most of our girls also use Mum!"



"I'm making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it's a bath for past perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours to come!"



WE'RE TRYING A NEW PLACE FOR LUNCH TODAY, EDNA... YOU MUST COME TOO!

(TO HERSELF)
I DON'T FEEL LIKE A STRANGER NOW, SINCE MUM MADE ME ONE OF THE GANG!

So many popular girls praise Mum for its—
Speed—Only half a minute to apply!

Safety—No worries with gentle Mum! It won't irritate sensitive skin. Mum won't harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Certainty—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.



MUM

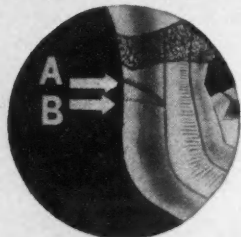
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada



STYLE 6885

YOU must feel young if you want to look young! Whether you're a war worker, or a business woman, youth and strength is all important. **NU-BACK** trims your figure to a youthful silhouette. Its patented back (see A & B in circle) relieves fatigue by eliminating riding-up and shoulder strap and garter strain.



NuBack
NM-43 2
A TRY-ON IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

Study Your Lines. And speaking of massage—notice any lines or wrinkles around your eyes, your mouth or your cheeks? Better get after them right away and pat them out of existence as you massage cream into your face.

For hollows and wrinkles in your cheeks, try this. Grin as widely as you can. Drop your chin—keep smiling—open and close your jaws and massage cream into your cheeks as you do this. Always massage with an upward rotary movement.

How's your chin line, neat or saggy? Bolster it up by kneading cream into the muscles along the jawbone and the point of the chin, with the base of the palm of your hand.

To wipe out lines around eyes and mouth, massage cream from the corners of your eyes to your temples, and from the corners of your mouth up to your nose.

For quick morning make-up routine, go over your face with cleansing cream, followed by a liberal dousing of skin tonic applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. Smooth on foundation cream and then your rouge, powder and lipstick.

A Repaint Job. Spring calls for a skilful make-up job so you'll look fresh and natural in the strong sunlight. You'll probably be stepping out in some of those stunning new print numbers, and you'll want your face to blend in with the gay floral design—not compete with it. Here are some rules of thumb for the best tones of rouge, lipstick and powder for your particular coloring.

Blondes. Stick to light shades of lipstick and rouge with a slight yellow undertone. Your face powder should be on the flesh tones.

Brown Hair With Fair Complexion. Light clear reds in lipstick and rouge for you, with a peach or rose powder to give warmth to your make-up.

Brunettes — the Olive-skinned Spanish Type. You'll look very dashing in darker shades of rouge and lipstick with a blue undertone and rachel powder.

For you thin-skinned sisters who flush easily, rachel powder will tone down those too flamboyant cheeks.

There have been warning rumbles about restricting each brand of nail polish to six shades, but there's a goodly supply of nearly all shades still on the market. The old rule still holds good—lips and fingertips should match.

Crowning Glory. A word about new styles in hair. The general trend seems to be shorter, softer hair-do's, with more waves and more natural-looking heads. Pompadours will still be worn, as some of the hats can't do without them.

How'd you like to have a dual personality? You can look crisp and efficient during the day with a feather cut—hair not more than an inch long in curls all over your head. Then at nights, when you yearn for a glamorous top-notch for some special occasion, you can add a chignon (switch to you) and attach it to your shorn locks by a special clip, supplied you by your hairdresser.

So, hang out your sign that spring is here, by doing a thorough redecorating job on yourself. Good grooming isn't just a seasonal affair, mind, but there's nothing like an occasional fresh start to give a gal new spirit, new poise, new purpose. Happy Easter!+

NO TIME OUT FOR HEADACHES!



So Wartime Seamstresses, sewing Tanks with Blow Torches, Take ASPIRIN for Almost Instant Relief!

Infernal heat! Metallic din! Fiery, blinding sparks! Heavy helmet! Yet when neuritic or neuralgic pain sets in, or when heads start throbbing, there's no time for a "let-up."

So many war-workers take Aspirin for relief of their suffering. Aspirin is effective... dependable... quick... and rated as one of the safest analgesics. Be ready when headache strikes you. Make sure you have Aspirin.

Aspirin is made in Canada, and "Aspirin" is the trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited. If you don't see the Bayer Cross on each tablet, it isn't Aspirin.

WHY ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST!

Drop an Aspirin Tablet in a glass of water. Instantly it starts to disintegrate. In 2 seconds, it's ready to begin its work. That's what happens in your stomach when you take Aspirin... hence almost INSTANT RELIEF!

ASPIRIN

LESS THAN 1¢ A TABLET in the economy bottle



Hour of Need

Continued from page 44

He wanted her to go for his own sake, for their own sakes as well as for Jerry's—she saw that now. It would mean starting over again, throwing away the sorry defense of watchfulness, relying on love—the only way to live with any real happiness.

Perhaps for years... a great many memories were passing through her mind, flashes of Hal's face, his hands, his tenderness, interchanging with pictures of Jerry as a little boy.

Then the day she came back, and Hal could not be at peace until he had blurted it out about that girl, and then waited for her to forgive him and take him into her arms as though nothing had really happened. Such a long time ago. She had not really tried to understand, she thought.

"What a lot of life we have wasted," he had said. It was true. She had not laughed freely, or loved freely, because of that early offense. She grew angry at the thought of the men making fun of her, seeing through her so easily.

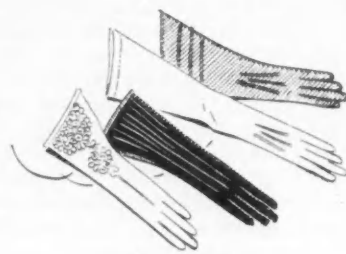
But to leave.

Irrelevantly she thought of her garden. It would become overrun, with that natural disorder that Hal always said it lacked—no more straight dividing hedges. With the thought, the garden became the symbol of their own marriage. The garden would grow all the time she was away, and when she returned it would be more beautiful, full-blown.

She saw again, in fancy, the black-bordered announcement of death that she had held in her hand that morning, and tried to answer. From it Jerry stepped out in uniform—a uniform that changed each moment—now he was a sailor, now a soldier, now a flier—he was saluting her, or at least he started to salute her, and then didn't.

Instead, he just stood smiling his crooked grin, saying: "It's good to see you, Mom, it sure is good to see you."

She lifted her head. There were tears in her eyes. "All right, Hal," she said, "I'll go."+



HAND-OUT

Women will pay extra attention to accessories this season, and among the most interesting and attractive will be gloves. With shorter sleeves to save fabric, you will find a number of longer-length gloves, like the eight button kind; you'll also find lacy cut-out types to add the so-popular lingerie touches to spring and summer outfits, and nice smart walking and driving gloves with leather backs and fabric palms.

And you'll find them in as many colors as you can get clothes or hats—or more!

CANADA'S FIGHTING FORCES RELY ON FOLKS LIKE THESE

Last October, in every city, town and hamlet, Canadian citizens, two million strong, bought Victory Bonds. Newspaper items at the time told an inspiring story of patriotic self-denial.

Folks like these will answer the call of Canada's Fourth Victory Loan. And because the need is greater, the demands more urgent—they will make an even greater contribution to Victory.

This year of attack will strain our resources to the utmost. From overseas will come the urgent demand for more guns, more shells, more planes! We can meet the call, only by providing more money—by supplying more man-hours for war production!

Set your own sights higher! Double, if you possibly can, your previous purchases of Victory Bonds. Canada's fighting forces rely on folks like you!

get ready to buy VICTORY BONDS

National War Finance Committee

WANTS TO FEED GUNS, TOO

Brandon — Sam [redacted] from near [redacted] visited Victory Loan headquarters yesterday and produced fifty one-dollar bills. "Guess I'm doing good work growing wheat to feed people," he said, "but this money will help to feed some shells to one of the big guns overseas."

REJECTED BY ARMY, HE BUYS BONDS SAME DAY

Montreal—Pierre [redacted] 25, married, with two children, tried to enlist yesterday. When he was turned down for a heart murmur, he walked five blocks to a Victory Loan office. "I'm making good money in a war factory," said [redacted] as he applied for two \$100 bonds. "If I can't fight, I can help the fellows who can."

ESS BUDGET SAVE FOR BONDS

[redacted] 21, clerk Elsie here, bought a stole decided to make another season. She [redacted] \$50 bond, tell [redacted] she knew she [redacted] money by reducing [redacted] clothes and cos-



BOTH ON WAR DUTY BUY VICTORY BOND

Guelph — Corporal [redacted] is a member of the R.C.A.F. school of cookery here and his wife is engaged in war work in a local plant. Yesterday, the couple purchased a \$1,000 Victory Bond from their joint savings.

NEWSPAPER BOY, 13, SURE HE CAN PAY FOR BONDS

Vancouver — "I not only get \$2.50 for working Saturdays at a factory, but I make money on my paper route," said a 13-year-old boy to a canvasser yesterday when he was a little dubious as to how the boy could keep up his payments on the \$50 bond he applied to buy.



TRAPPER'S FOX SKINS NET VICTORY LOAN \$100

Edmonton — "I have no cash this year, but here's five white fox skins," said Alex [redacted] in Victory Loan headquarters yesterday morning. "Sell them and buy bonds for me." The sale netted \$105. Mr. [redacted] is a 60-year old trapper who hasn't been in town for months.



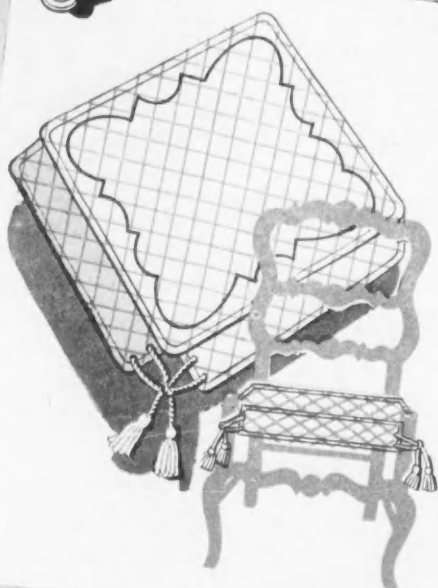
LOST SAILOR SON'S \$1000 BUYS BONDS

Windsor — Four months ago Seaman Thomas [redacted] of this city died when a U.S. tanker was sunk by a U-Boat. His life savings of \$1,000 were left to his aged mother, Mrs. Jane [redacted] who visited Victory Loan headquarters and bought bonds with this \$1,000.

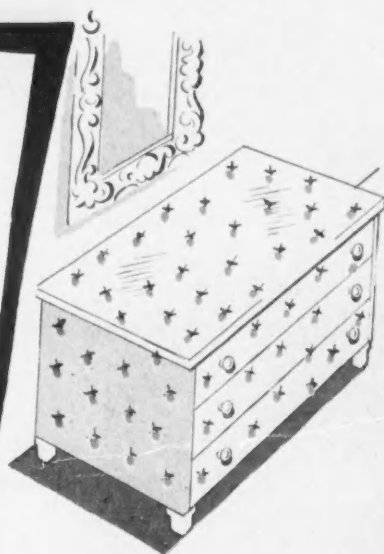


REDUCES DRESS TO SAVE FOR

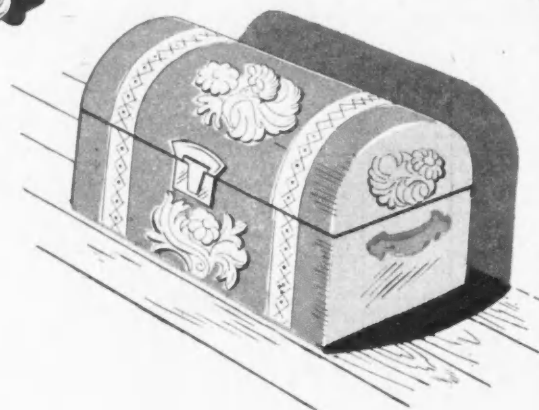
Halifax — Elsie [redacted] her in a candy store when she saw a \$50 bond when she saw her coat do another \$50 applied for another showing the canvasser could save that money her spending on necessities.



GAY NEW chair seat pads can easily be made and quilted at home. When you are measuring up for the spring curtains or slips, add a bit more for pads on occasional or dining chairs. If you use a plain material, try quilting a diamond design with outside scroll as sketched, but if the material has a small pattern or check, quilt in diamond only or follow the lines in the check. These bright additions to the chairs can be made with or without boxed edges.



IT'S big and box-like, but it does hold a pile of things! Also the wood is poor. If it must stay, let's change its face with: first, a coat of paint in any nice pastel, then a pasted-on fruit or flower motif cut from a wall-paper or a seed catalogue. Or use a good decalcomania design. If your room will take it, this treatment looks extremely well on a black background. Place your design in a casual, all-over manner. Finish off with a coat of thin shellac.



HAVE YOU a really old trunk of good design? If so, treasure it, and think of it not only in terms of what it holds in the attic, but how useful and delightful it can be when, decorated in two tones, or a combination of colors, and with the inside lined with pretty wallpaper ends, it can hold toys in the nursery, or extra blankets that take up so much room in a closet.

The flat-top style is an addition for seating space as well, but the old-fashioned round top kind is more decorative.



BACK WE go to wood poles and rings for the drawing-room or in fact for any room—but in 1943 we're doing things with them. If you are hanging striped fabric, or if you're going to arrive at stripes by joining wide bands of plain cloth in two colors (yellow and white, for example), paint the poles white, and alternate the color in the rings by matching them to each stripe.

Even with figured chintz or cretonne, you can vary the color of rings according to your scheme. Using deeper color on the pole and all light-toned rings.



IT'S FUN to be smart and practical too. Sew white bone rings on a flat piece of material (gingham, floral, or plain calico). Allow almost double the width for fullness, make a narrow top hem and a deep one at the bottom. Slide the rings over a small rod, and there you have a practical half-sash curtain for bathroom, kitchen or wherever you think a half-sash a good idea. Finish off the top of the window with a shallow valance made in the same way. When laundry day comes, all is flat and easily ironed.

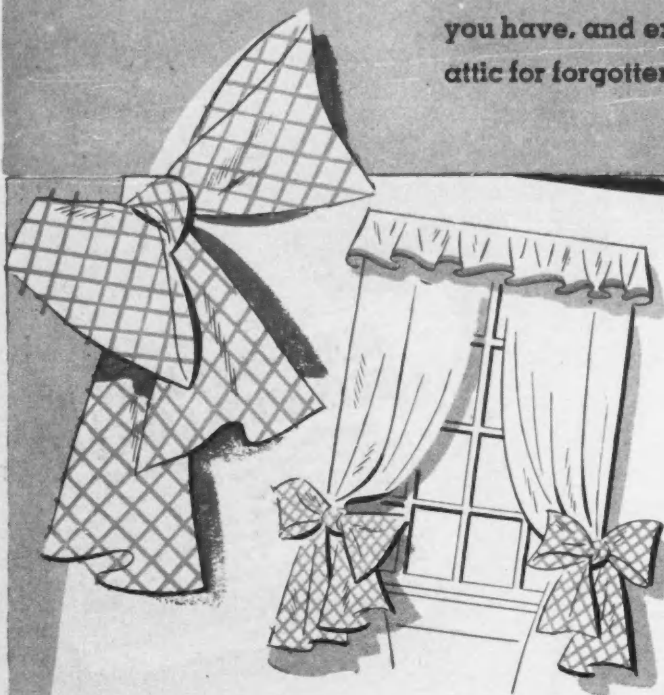
SALVAGE AND conservation are important words in our wartime vocabulary. When we use discards intelligently, and thus add to the pleasant, cheerful, colorful atmosphere of our living quarters, we do two good services: (1) we release more "new money" for Victory bonds and War Savings Certificates; (2) we are still keeping up the morale of the home—so necessary for us all in war days, when the business of living is hectic. As you tuck each certificate or bond safely away until its maturity, make a note: "This one will buy a new lamp for the living room," and "That will mean a new chesterfield in place of the present down-at-heel model" so gallantly putting up a front in its new slip cover.

We're going to be in our homes more than ever. Let's draw on our imagination and make do with what we have. Let's experiment with new ways of introducing color, which costs so little. Let's have some springtime zest in our rooms—conjured up through our own ingenuity with Bits and Pieces.

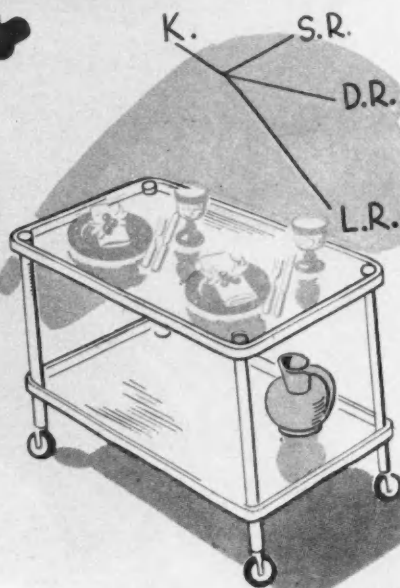
Bits and Pieces

By FRED A JAMES

Make the most of what you have, and explore the attic for forgotten discards



WASHABLE curtains. Take down the winter hangings, and welcome spring with sheer white washables set off with huge gingham bows for tiebacks. Trim the edge of the simply shirred valance with a band of the same gingham. Match up with gingham slip covers if you wish. As an alternative to gingham, try a quaint small pattern, dot, or stripe, in any of the wash cottons.



REMEMBER the tea wagon? If a modern one is out of bounds, produce the one you relegated to the attic because it was so dark and ugly. After removing any unnecessary curves, paint it white or a gay color—legs in a bright tone, and the trays white perhaps. If you lunch alone, arrange the meal on this roving table and choose the sunniest and most comfortable corner in the house for your snack. Cut corners in daily routine by making this little wagon ply from kitchen to dining room, living room or sunroom.



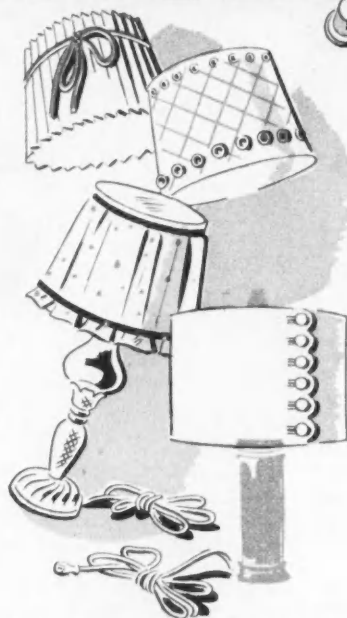
HAVE YOU ever collected crocks? If not, you will be amazed at the variety in design and color among the old ones found in country basements and attics. With the return to home preserving, they will be much in demand, but when not being used for their original purpose they make delightful containers for those lovely branches of wild blossoms we find in the spring, and for all the large summer flowers.



FROM Father's workbench or Son's manual training class comes this decorative and useful shelf. It is perfect for showing off your collection of mugs, glass, pottery or china, and gives a spot of color to a wall that might otherwise be a bit dull.

Choose a good wood and leave it natural by treating with shellac; rub well with steel wool, then wax. If you haven't the facilities for making one, hunt about for an old one, and, if it isn't worth varnish remover, paint it in with your wall or as an accent.

SAVE YOUR old wire frames. Until new ones are readily procurable, try your hand at recovering the old models with bits of leftovers from the summer curtains—dotted muslins, gingham to match your slips, stripes or any nice sheer. Something more tailored can be applied to stiff white paper cut in drum shape. Bind in colored or white bias tape, and button with matching buttons. Pleated shades made from pieces of your wallpapers or any decorative paper that has body, are easy to make. Trim a gingham tailored shade with buttons.



YOUR HOME

Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing



WAR WHOOP

1943 MODEL

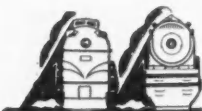
YOU HEAR IT at all hours... that long-drawn cry of the locomotive whistle. It's the war whoop of the railways.

It may be a troop train speeding to keep a date with a convoy... it may be a long freight loaded with tanks, guns and other materials of war, many of them built by the railways themselves... it may be another week's supply of raw materials to keep a war plant in production, or food, fuel and other essentials for the home front.

It is the proud war whoop of Canada's greatest war industry—the railways, which are serving the nation as effectively in war as in peace. Only the railways can furnish mass transportation on such a scale.

Your railways were ready... ready in war, so that Canada could strike with all her might. They will be ready in peace again to serve a greater Canada... rolling ever forward on highways of steel.

CANADIAN NATIONAL



CANADIAN PACIFIC

Carrying the load in War and Peace



"This sink really shows it's had good care!"

You can't take pride in a sink that's scratched and dull-looking. That's one good reason it's important to use a cleanser that isn't harsh and gritty...why today so many women depend on Bon Ami. For Bon Ami—though it's quick and easy to use—is *safe*, too... free from the coarse grit and strong caustics that mar and scar fine porcelain. Bon Ami *polishes as it cleans*... keeps your household things looking bright and smooth and shining.



Bon Ami leaves no gritty film!

Soft, white Bon Ami is pleasant to use. Washes away as easily as soap and water. Doesn't clog the drains. And it's wonderfully easy on your hands.

Bon Ami
"hasn't scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA

Vegetable Planting Table

In the following Planting Table details are given of the space to allow between plants when thinned or transplanted, as well as distances between rows. (For instance, the figures 6 x 30 would indicate that plants should be 6 in. apart and the rows 30 in. apart.) The Table offers a guide as to quantity of seed required per 50 ft. of row, depth at which to plant and when to plant. Certain standard varieties are named, and brief cultural instructions given. For full cultural instructions consult reliable seed catalogues, and read directions on the seed packets.

Vegetable	When to Sow	Seed Required 50' of row	Depth to Plant	Thin or Transplant to (inches)	Season of Crop	Varieties and Culture
Beans, Green	May-August	½ lb.	2"	4 x 24	July on	Bountiful, Tendergreen Stringless Green Pod.
Beans, Wax	May-August	½ lb.	2"	4 x 24	July on	Sure Crop Wax flat; Pencil Pod Black Wax (round).
Beans, Pole	May	½ lb.	2"	36 x 36	Aug. to frost	Kentucky Wonder. Set pole first and plant round it. Leave 4 vines to a pole.
Beans, Bush Lima	May	½ lb.	2"	6 x 30	Aug. to frost	Fordhook Bush, Burpee Improved, Henderson. Warm land necessary.
Beets	April-August	1 oz.	1"	4 x 12	July on	Crosby Egyptian, Detroit Dark Red. Use thinnings for greens. Plant late crop on Aug. 1.
Broccoli	April	½ oz.	½"	18 x 36	July on	Italian Green Sprouting or Green Sprouting variety. Only few plants needed for average garden.
Brussels Sprouts	April-May	½ oz.	½"	18 x 36	October on	Long Island Improved. Gather sprouts after first frost.
Cabbage	March★ April-May-June	¼ oz.	½"	18 x 36	July on	Golden Acre can be planted in succession for spring and summer. Copenhagen Market for mid-season, Danish Ball-Head for late.
Carrot	April-June	¼ oz.	½"	4 x 12	July on	Red Core Chantenay, Danvers Half Long. Use no fresh manure.
Celery	March★ April-May	½ packet	½"	6 x 30	August on	Golden Plume, or Wonderful Giant Pascal for winter storage.
Chard Swiss	April	1 oz.	1"	6 x 18	June to frost	Giant Lucullus, Lyons. Cut leaves before they are too large.
Corn	May-June	½ lb.	1 ½"	36 x 36	August to frost	Golden Sunshine, Golden Early Market, Yellow Sensation, Golden Bantam, Whipple's Yellow is late. Grow 3 or 4 plants to a hill.
Cucumber	May-July	¼ oz.	½"	48 x 48	July to frost	Davis Perfect, White Spike, Boston Pickling.
Endive	April-Sept.	¼ oz.	½"	12 x 12	August on	Green-cured, White Curled, Broad-leaved Batavian.
Kohlrabi	May-June	½ oz.	½"	6 x 12	Aug. Sept.	White and purple varieties. Use a rich loam.
Lettuce	March★ April-Aug. 1	¼ oz.	½"	12 x 12	June to frost	Black-Seeded Tennis Ball or White Boston either early or late. Does not do well in hot weather.
Lettuce Romaine	April-July	¼ oz.	½"	8 x 12	June to frost	Tie loose-headed varieties to blanch. Trianon is self-closing.
Onion	March★ April-May	½ oz. Sets 1 qt.	½" 2"	4 x 12 4 x 12	May on	Danvers Yellow Globe from seed. Use sets for early onions.
Parsnip	April	¼ oz.	½"	4 x 12	Sept. through winter	Hollow Crown. Avoid using fresh manure.
Peas	March★ May	½ lb.	3"	4 x 36	June, July	Early varieties: Thomas Laxton, Gradus, Laxton's Progress. Late: Alderman, Telephone. Cover seed 1 ½" at sowing time.
Radish	March★ April-Sept.	¼ oz.	½"	3 x 8	Matures in 25 days	Scarlet Globe Icicle-long white.
Spinach	March★ April-Sept.	½ oz.	½"	3 x 12	May-July	Long Standing Bloomsdale, Nobel, King of Denmark. Late: Virginia Savoy.
Spinach N. Z.	June	½ oz.	1"	12 x 24	July-September	Valuable for summer.
Squash	May-June	¼ oz.	1"	Bush, 36 x 48 Late, 72 x 96	August through winter	Summer: Straightneck Fall: Table Queen or Des Moines. Winter: Blue Hubbard and Delicious.
Tomato	March★ April	½ packet	½"	36 x 48	Aug. to frost	Early: Bonny Best. Standard varieties: Marglobe and Stone. Start plants in hotbeds or buy.
Turnip	April-Aug.	¼ oz.	½"	4 x 12 6 x 18	July through winter	Purple-topped White Globe; White Egg.
Vegetable Marrow	May-June	¼ oz.	½"	36 x 48	Aug. to frost	Cocozelle.

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planted at one side of the main garden. It should be kept in mind that asparagus is a short-season vegetable, but it occupies the ground all season, so where space is at a premium it should not be included. Celery also is usually grown under specially favorable conditions by professional growers.

Succession of crops is important even in the average-sized area. By planning for early and late varieties of vegetables such as cabbage, onions, squash and turnips, a winter supply is assured. Full use of the ground may be made by planting the late maturing crops to follow the early varieties. For example, three rows of dwarf peas planted 30 inches apart could be intercropped with two rows of spinach and followed by four rows of leeks in rows 1-inch apart.

Bulky vegetables, such as potatoes and corn, occupy a disproportionate amount of space in the small garden.

CULTIVATION PROPER should start immediately after the seed has been sown or the plants transplanted to the garden, the purpose being to keep the soil from crusting and to destroy weeds while they are small. From that time forward repeat this soil stirring as soon after every rain as the soil becomes dry, so that it does not "puddle" or bake hard. If no rain occurs and it is impossible to water artificially, it is advisable to cultivate once every week or ten days until the plants are large enough to



Stake tomato plants for best results.

shade the ground and prevent weed growth, or until the roots are apt to be injured by the operation. Cultivation may be as deep as 2½ inches at first, but as root systems are established it should become shallower. For the home garden the usual tools are the hand hoe, the steel rake and the hand weeder. Never cultivate while the soil is wet, either from rain or dew, as this encourages baking into hard lumps.

SUCCESSFUL STORAGE of vegetables depends upon the maintenance of low temperature, sufficient ventilation and relatively high humidity of the air surrounding them. Pumpkins, winter squashes and sweet potatoes require a temperature of 50 degrees or higher; Cabbages, potatoes, carrots, turnips, keep best at 38 degrees or lower, but suffer injury if below 32 degrees. In a storage room a natural earth or sand floor, or one of porous brick, assures the most favorable humidity because through these materials moisture slowly evaporates into the air. Concrete is the least favorable floor material for storage, but a layer of peat moss or sand which can be kept moist will help.

Where it is not feasible to have a storage room in the cellar, a series of receptacles may be buried in a corner of the garden. Nail kegs are handy as they may be lined with straw or newspaper, and each filled with an assortment of vegetables to last a week or two. Thus one container may be taken up without disturbing the others. +



BECAUSE Imperial Loyalist styling remains constant, you can buy essential pieces now, in war time, with the assurance that you can complete your purchases when the war is over. So buy only the pieces you really need, now. Put as much as you can into War Savings. Then, after the war, you can buy other pieces that will blend perfectly with the essential pieces you buy now.

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ANSWER IS: FOLLOWING THESE SIMPLE RULES FOR WARTIME CARE WILL KEEP BISSELL IN TOP FORM FOR DURATION.

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"CUT RAVELINGS, CLEAN BRUSH. ADD ONE DROP OF OIL A MONTH. AND THAT'S ALL YOU DO TO KEEP BISSELL SWEEPING."

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Free booklet—"ABC of Bissell Care & Repair"—on request

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We salute the women of Canada for their devotion to duty—in the home as in the services.

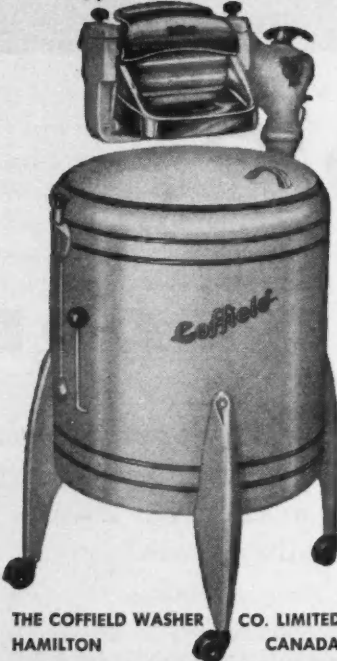
Coffield "Certified Quality" washing machines are serving Canadian women now as they have for many years.

To hasten Victory, Coffield is now 100% on war production. This means no more new Coffield washers can be made until the war is over.

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THE COFFIELD WASHER CO. LIMITED HAMILTON CANADA

Coffield
"CQ" WASHERS
FOR Care-free PERFORMANCE

V is for Vegetables

Continued from page 16

See Planting Chart on page 52.

foods becoming scarcer, it is up to every individual to find ways and means of producing adequate supplies of vegetables to see us through next winter. Food production MUST GO ON!

ONCE THE site has been decided upon, the next step is to plan what to grow. This necessitates a preliminary study of



Succession planting is important.

seed catalogues and magazines, for the growing of vegetables is an art, and a working knowledge of their requirements is essential for success. Beginners are advised not to let their enthusiasm run away with them in attempting too much the first season, but rather to concentrate on the easily grown varieties. It is a very simple matter to sow a garden, but quite another to follow through with the necessary cultivation and combatting of pests and weeds.

Every family has its own favorite vegetables. But in wartime food value is the leading consideration, and more stress is laid on producing winter vegetables than in peacetime when many are imported. In Britain where emergency wartime gardens are almost compulsory, a suggested proportioning of the ground is as follows: One third for winter and spring green crops which include winter cabbage, Savoys, Brussels sprouts, early carrots, early beets, broccoli, kale, early dwarf peas, Swiss chard or spinach; one third for potatoes and root crops which would include the main supply of carrots, early and late potatoes, parsnips and turnips; the last third of the space for miscellaneous crops including dwarf peas, beans, onions, broad beans, runner beans, spring cabbage, lettuce in variety, spinach, leeks, tomatoes, marrow, radishes and parsley.

In Canada sweet corn would almost inevitably be included in any sizable garden, even to the exclusion of some other varieties. The chief reason is that corn is one vegetable that should be eaten as soon as possible after picking,



Remove weeds while they are small.

before the juicy milk changes into starch. But corn needs space and is thus impracticable for the average city garden.

The size of the garden naturally governs the number of vegetables to be attempted. It has been proved that when properly managed a 50-foot by

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(HOUSEHOLD MOPS FOR EVERY PURPOSE)



● Lighten household tasks with new-style Glossy-Glo Mops... the streamlined mops that polish as they dust... take less out of you... and leave furniture glistening with new surface life! Featherweight handle... easily removable, washable mopheads... adaptable Glossy-Glo Mops help you sing your way through the day's work!

Glossy-Glo Mops are Duster-Polisher Mops... they polish as they dust. Fitted with new-style streamlined featherweight handle that makes for ease and less fatigue in household tasks.

Mops are made of good cotton twine. Renewable cleaning surface—longer lasting. Adaptable for low cleaning surfaces, cannot scratch the floor or chip the furniture.

Available in attractive pastel shades... handles in natural finish with blue connections. Easily detachable mophead... washable.



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SAINT JOHN, N.B.

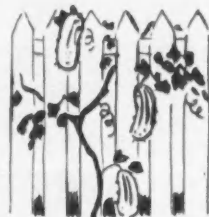
Makers of Fine Quality Mops, Lather Brushes Household Brushes and Paint Brushes for over 75 years.

100-foot plot will provide fresh vegetables for a family of five—and enough to last till the next planting season.

Remember that it always pays to buy the best seed. Time and money are too precious to squander on poor materials.

A preliminary plan drawn up on paper always saves time, labor and seed. Efficiency of layout is particularly important in wartime in order to get maximum yields. In making a diagram for a small garden, you can arrive at a simple scale by allowing one-inch to represent four feet. For the larger garden one inch could represent eight feet.

First block out the general dimensions of the plot, and then, by experiment, figure out the best way to arrange the various kinds to get the maximum returns per square foot. Room must be left for cultivating between the rows as well as room for the individual plants to mature without crowding.



If space is limited, grow cucumbers on the garden fence.

Cauliflower likes very rich ground and does well if some wood ashes have been incorporated into the soil. An application of lime in the soil also helps. Cultivate constantly but not too deep as the roots are shallow. Tie heads up when they begin to develop. Plants should be 2 feet apart in rows 2½ feet apart. Twenty-five plants will cover 50 feet.

Potatoes in the home garden are generally planted in hills scooped out with a hoe, 3 to 4 inches deep and 18 to 24 inches apart. When planted in drills, which involve less work, seed pieces of potatoes are dropped in furrows 3 to 5 inches deep at intervals of 6 to 8 inches, or, preferably, two pieces together at intervals of 15 to 18 inches, thus forming hills. Distances between rows should be not less than 18 inches—30 inches for horse or garden tractor.

In making the plan on paper it is wise to group together the 12-inch rows, such as those for the salad greens, and locate them conveniently near the kitchen when possible. The 18-inch rows could also be grouped together and likewise the 24-inch the 30-inch, 36-inch and 48-inch rows. Sometimes other considerations come into the picture. Corn will not shade lower vegetables if it is placed on the north side of the garden. Many gardeners like to run the rows north and south to give an equal distribution of sun all day. Perennial vegetables such as asparagus should be



Twine pole beans from left to right around the stake.

Watch the '43 Fords go by!

THERE THEY GO . . . splitting the air with the roar of their powerful, driving engines! Not the streamlined automobiles of yesterday, nor yet the exciting new cars of tomorrow. These are the snub-nosed battle horses for today's war.

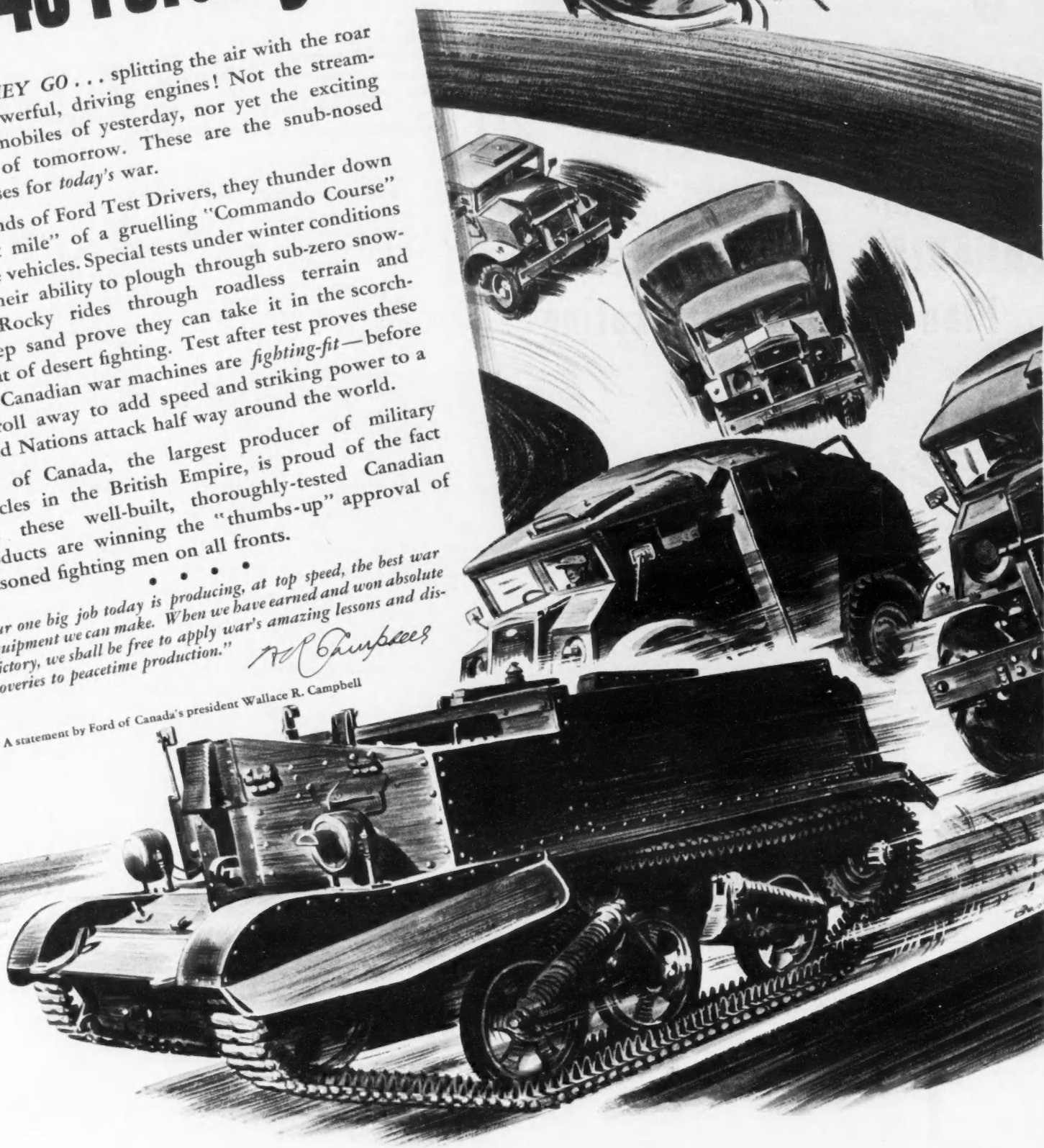
In the hands of Ford Test Drivers, they thunder down this "last mile" of a gruelling "Commando Course" for battle vehicles. Special tests under winter conditions prove their ability to plough through sub-zero snow-fields. Rocky rides through roadless terrain and hub-deep sand prove they can take it in the scorching heat of desert fighting. Test after test proves these husky Canadian war machines are *fighting-fit*—before they roll away to add speed and striking power to a United Nations attack half way around the world.

Ford of Canada, the largest producer of military vehicles in the British Empire, is proud of the fact that these well-built, thoroughly-tested Canadian products are winning the "thumbs-up" approval of seasoned fighting men on all fronts.

"Our one big job today is producing, at top speed, the best war equipment we can make. When we have earned and won absolute victory, we shall be free to apply war's amazing lessons and discoveries to peacetime production."

W. R. Campbell

A statement by Ford of Canada's president Wallace R. Campbell



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20 PIECE SERVICE FOR 4 PEOPLE

4 Dinner Plates 4 Bread and Butter Plates
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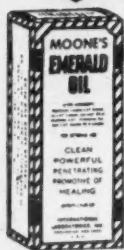
gives a flower-like complexion for this important occasion. Will not disappoint. White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

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Keep your home gay...cheerful...smiling! Make it part of a winning "home front". Liquid Veneer will help you because it keeps furniture and woodwork so clean, so new-looking and is so easy to use. A Canadian favorite for over 50 years, made in Fort Erie North, Ontario. There's nothing quite like it! Your dealer has Liquid Veneer; 25c and 50c.

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GREASELESS STAINLESS
PROMOTES HEALING



At the Saint John, N.B. hospitality centre, Hostess Alice Fairweather finds congenial entertainment for Army, Navy and Air Force boys from all over the world.

Crossroads Hostess

By JEAN MacCALLUM SWEET

ALICE FAIRWEATHER is a busy woman. She sits at a desk during regular office hours every weekday—but she works twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. The city of Saint John, N.B., provided the job and the desk—its citizens and its transient men in uniform supply the work in ever-increasing volume. Nothing succeeds like success! And Alice Fairweather is making a big success of her wartime job.

In the past few years Saint John has become one of the world's crossroads for men from the sea, the air and the land. They stood about on street corners, wandered through the shops, posted letters, and looked wistfully at families and groups of friends—people who had somewhere to go, something to do in their spare time.

Churches and organizations did their excellent best, but they could not reach all the men. There were those whose stay was short, those whose time off duty did not coincide with planned entertainments—and the quiet ones who would not attend large gatherings of strangers. The City Fathers decided to do something, or attempt something in the way of reaching every man who wanted friends or a good home-cooked meal.

They established the Hospitality Centre, a desk in lobby-space donated

by a large theatre—and they put Miss Fairweather at the desk. The boys say that no other city in the Empire, perhaps in the world, offers such a service as a municipal effort. And Saint John people know there is only one Alice Fairweather.

The work is not entirely new to Miss Fairweather. For years, between wars, she has been a familiar and loved figure at the Seamen's Institute, recreational centre for men of all sea services—and her proudest boast is that some of the young lads there have called her "Mother!"

In a big book that looks like a ledger she has long lists of names and telephone numbers—citizens who are ready to take boys into their homes. She either has noted or knows the tastes and hobbies of all these people. She knows which ones have room to keep guests overnight, and which have young people in their homes, small children for lonely fathers, youth for the younger boys. She knows where there is sure to be a piano and good music for the musician, books and conversation for the scholar. It only remains to discover what the men want—no easy task with dour Scots and taciturn English, shy youngsters and reserved older men. Alice does it.

They come in ones and twos. Miss Fairweather is easy and quiet in manner. She talks a bit about the city—has he

✦ Continued on page 58

Mrs. H. H. MacMichael and her daughter entertain some of the boys selected by Miss Fairweather, who is noted for her success in "matching" the boys with homes.



Hurry-Up Dishes...

By **HELEN G. CAMPBELL**

Director, Chatelaine Institute

TIME is more than money these days and, if anything, even scarcer. Our waking hours are full to the brim of things to do in our housekeeping and other work, and the days never seem long enough for the busy wartime program. So the saving of minutes is as important as balancing the budget, and second only to the conservation of supplies and the proper nourishment of the family.

To spend your time to best advantage, have a well-organized plan for shopping, cooking, cleaning, mending and all your other activities. Simplify your menus and have on tap a number of dishes in line with the speed age—quick to prepare and even quicker to disappear.

Here are hearties for the main course, snack dishes and desserts on the hurry-up order. Some of them can be made and served in a jiffy, others can be prepared ahead of time, ready for a few minutes final cooking. Good

things to serve on your day at the Red Cross or the sewing club. Or when housecleaning keeps you hopping until near mealtime. Any day, for that matter, when you want something easy to make and easy to take.

Indian Dinner

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ Pound of sausages
- 1 Green pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild-flavored dripping
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of milk or $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of canned evaporated milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of water
- 1 Can of corn

+ Continued on page 62



Quickie: Chicken and asparagus soups combined with milk to make a sauce for cooked rice or noodles.

HOUSEKEEPING

A Department of Home Management



Doughnuts split and snow-capped with cottage cheese. Plump sweet prunes as an ace in the hole.

It made
my family
fitter...

...this
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC
Plan for Healthful Eating



Milk and Cheese— $\frac{1}{5}$
or more of your food
money



Fruits and Vegetables
— $\frac{1}{5}$ or more of your
food money



Bread and Cereals—
 $\frac{1}{5}$ or less of your food
money



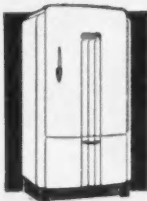
Fats, Sugars, Acces-
sories— $\frac{1}{5}$ or less of
your food money



Meat, Eggs and Fish
— $\frac{1}{5}$ or more of your
food money



Because of government restrictions, new appliances cannot be built and replacement parts are becoming scarcer. With proper attention G-E Appliances will serve you for many years. Your G-E Refrigerator preserves vitamins, prevents food spoilage... Your G-E Hotpoint Range cooks appetizingly and healthfully.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO
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Crossroads Hostess

Continued from page 56

seen the museum, the park? There's an excellent library. Has he ever tried skating? Has he been to a dance since arriving? Just the seemingly casual conversation we might carry on with any agreeable stranger—interested, but not alarmingly intense. Before he knows it, she has a general idea of his interests.

She idly turns the pages of the ledger. She stops, with her finger at a name. "I've been thinking—I wonder if you wouldn't like these people, they're much older—but good fun, and they love a game of bridge"—pause, if a gleam comes in his eye he's settled, if not—"or let me see, oh, here, a young couple, members of the Theatre Guild?" Perhaps then he brightens—"Oh, I say, that would be fine, used to do a bit of

APRIL

BY EILEEN CAMERON HENRY

They will put down the sword,
Those who lost, and those who won,
And sun and rain will rust the blade
When war is done.

Golden the sun, and warm the rain,
On hill and field to feed and wrest
Out of the earth the rich, sweet grain
For the mouth of man, but on a
sword
Only a slow, corroding stain.

Uncaring, contemptuous, April walks
This year — and next — across this
earth.

And no concern for the dead of men,
Her feet are set in the ways of birth;
For seed that is fallen on stone and
shale

No compassion, no tears are shed,
April for earth that can bear its fruit,
Nothing for women whose men are
dead.

Golden the sun, and warm the rain,
And wars will come, and wars will
pass—

So little of man who inherits the
earth.

So much of green in the stirring
wind,
In the simple loveliness of grass.

that sort of thing myself." But it's not always easy. Once in desperation she said to a most uncommunicative young man, "If you'd only tell me what you like to do, give me a line—" He broke down and laughed, "You don't need anyone to give you a line! The one you have'll do!" From then on it was easy.

THE BOYS who have visited her run into four figures, and every one is an individual problem, and a friend. She worries about them all—checks with their hostesses to see what impression they made, when she gets a chance. Very often the other call comes first, "Thanks for the boys you sent us last night."

Miss Fairweather is quite as enthusiastic about her hosts and hostesses as her boys. She says, "The people are really marvellous. Nearly all the boys sent out are asked back again and again to the same homes, sometimes they are invited to stay with the people while they are here. I have sent names of boys in hospital to some of these hostesses, and they have visited and kept them in comforts while in hospital, and then taken them to their homes to be nursed through convalescence. Many hostesses

Continued on page 70

Stubborn tarnish
yields quickly to—
"Goddard's"



QUICKLY
SAFELY
SURELY

PRECIOUS silver is safe while "Goddard's" polishes attack ugly stains and remove them quickly and surely. "Goddard's" reveals the glowing lustre of Sterling or Plate without scratches or smears. Maintain the natural beauty of your silver with easy-to-use "Goddard's"—favored by five generations.

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Colorful
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Many of the most colorful varieties grown in our own gardens. All plants direct from our own pools, hardy, healthy, easily grown. Large select plants carefully shipped assure success.

Our complete illustrated catalog free

MOORE WATER GARDENS, PORT STANLEY, ONT.



Victory
**WILL BRING
THEM BACK...**

Remember those melt-in-your-mouth Peek Frean Biscuits and the crisp, crunchy Vita-Weat Crispbread you used to get? They'll be in the stores again, fresh from victorious Britain, as soon as the war is won.

Peek Frean
BISCUITS
from LONDON, ENGLAND

To Make Plain Foods Taste Like Banquet Fare



MEAT AND VEGETABLES WITH DUMPLINGS—Cut 1 lb. round steak in 1/2-inch cubes. Dresser with 1/4 cup flour. Brown in 1 tbs. fat. Sprinkle with salt. Add 1/2 cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 4 cups water, 1 tsp. salt. Bring to boil. Add 1 onion, diced, 1 carrot, sliced, 1 onion, sliced. Cook, covered, 10 minutes. Add dumplings by spoonful on top of meat. Cook and steam 15 minutes. Serves 6.



Nowadays, meal planning isn't what it used to be. Stores that once were able to serve you with almost any food you could name, now have to limit you to smaller quantities of even rather commonplace provisions. And this means that the foods you buy must go farther, with fewer varieties from which to choose.

Time enters into the problem too. Most of you busy homemakers are dedicating part of each day to patriotic service in one form or another, and that means less time to plan and prepare family meals.



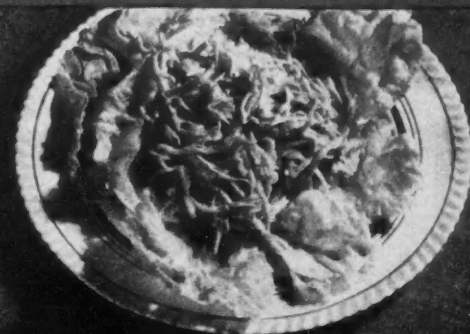
But, madam, things are not too bad, after all! You can still get most of the basic foods—fruits, vegetables, fish, eggs—and meats, too, if you're not too "choosey" about cuts. And the plainest of foods can still be transformed into dishes fit for a king with the magic, thrifty touch of Heinz "aids-to-appetites".

For example, salads—one of today's nutritional commandments—gain amazingly in zest and flavour when you use Heinz aged-in-the-wood Vinegars—either alone or in the dressing.

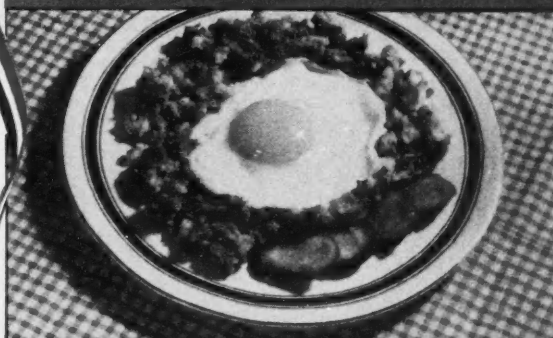
Omelettes, ragouts, hash, and left-over dishes taste twice as good and look twice as tempting if you serve them with Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Heinz Chili Sauce or Heinz Tomato Chutney.

And don't forget that Heinz Worcestershire Sauce, Heinz "57" Beefsteak Sauce and Heinz Pickles are perfect accompaniments to fish and cold meat dishes. They give that added touch which means so much.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.



CABBAGE SLAW WITH TOMATO CREAM DRESSING—Combine 1/2 cup sour cream, 3 tbs. Heinz Chili Sauce, 1/4 tsp. salt, pepper and 1 tbs. minced onion. Toss lightly with 4 cups shredded cabbage. Serves 4 to 6.



CORNERED BEEF HASH WITH MUSTARD—Here's something new in a low-cost, one-dish meal. Combine 1 tbs. Heinz Prepared Mustard with 5 cups—add to 12 oz. of cornered beef hash—and cook. Serve, if desired, with poached egg.



MASHED POTATOES SUPREME—Season 3 cups hot mashed potatoes with 1 1/2 tsp. Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard. Pile in shallow baking dish. Beat 1/2 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk till stiff. Add 1/2 cup grated cheese to cream. Season with salt, pepper. Spread cream over potatoes and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) till brown.



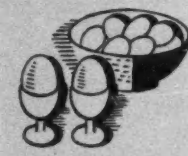
3 glasses of milk.
Pasteurized
whole milk, skim-
med or canned
evaporated.



1 serving of po-
tatoes and 2
servings of
green-leaf or
yellow vege-
tables.



1 serving of to-
matoes or citrus
fruit or 1 serving
of tomato or
citrus fruit juice.



1 egg or an egg
at least three or
four times a
week.



1 serving of
meat, fish, or
meat substitute,
such as cheese.



4-6 slices of
whole wheat or
Canada Ap-
proved bread,
with butter. 1
serving of cereal.

Make these Foods for Fitness the
basis of your daily menu plans.

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1. Orange Juice Cereal with Raisins Fish Cakes Tea Coffee	Devised Eggs Potato Salad Fresh Pineapple Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Sausages and Kidney Mustard Pickles Boiled Potatoes Creamed Carrots Hot Biscuits Syrup Coffee Tea	16. Half Grapefruit Waffles Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Devised Egg Salad Rolls Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Steamed Fresh Salmon Parsley Sauce Potato Cakes Spinach Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
2. Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit on Toast Apple and Prune Compote Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Finnan Haddie Pan-fried Potatoes Shredded Green Cabbage Gingerbread Cream Cheese Coffee Tea	17. Prune Juice with Lemon Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Tea	Hot Tomato Juice Cold Sliced Pot Roast Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Lamb or Veal Stew with Vegetables String Beans Dumplings Baked Custard Coffee Tea
3. Tomato Juice French Toast Fried Bologna Slices Coffee Tea	Pea Soup Soda Biscuits Lettuce and Cottage Cheese Salad Apple Sauce Tea Gingerbread Cocoa	Mock Duck Boiled Potatoes Buttered Beets Vanilla Cornstarch Whip with Jelly Coffee Tea	18. (Sunday) Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Celery Radishes Fresh Fruit Salad Corn Bread Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Tenderloin Apple Sauce Browned Potatoes Cabbage Maple Ice Cream Coffee Tea
4. (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Fresh Coffee Cake Conserves Coffee Tea	Jellied Veal Mold Cabbage, Carrot and Green Pepper Salad Hot Biscuits Cheese Tea Cocoa	Rib Roast of Beef Gravy Browned Potatoes Parsnip Barley Pudding Coffee Tea	19. Cold Tomatoes Cereal Toasted Corn Bread Jam Coffee Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions and Cheese Head Lettuce French Dressing Rhubarb (cook enough for Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Chicken Noodle Soup Cold Roast Tenderloin Buttered Noodles Harvard Beets Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
5. Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Parsley Omelet Corn Prunes with Lemon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Horse-radish Buttered Noodles Green Beans Floating Island Coffee Tea	20. Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Grilled Liver Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Indian Dinner Celery Brown Rolls Baked Apples with Raisins Tea Cocoa	Peppercorn Soup Vegetable Plate (Baked Stuffed Onions, Duchess Potatoes, Scalloped Tomatoes, Asparagus) Cherry Cobbler-Cherry Sauce Coffee Tea
6. Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Casserole of Minced Roast Beef and Potatoes Chili Sauce Apple and Orange Salad Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Breaded Pork Tenderloin Baked Potatoes Spinach Rhubarb Tapioca Coffee Tea	21. Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Fresh Bologna Pickles Hashed Brown Potatoes Prune Jelly Cookies Tea Cocoa	Kidney Creole Boiled Potatoes Spinach Fresh Pineapple Plain Cake Coffee Tea
7. Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toasted Muffins Coffee Tea	Cream of Spinach Soup Grilled Smoked Herring with Lemon Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cup Cakes Cocoa	Vegetable Plate (Baked Onions Stuffed with Peas, Silvered Carrots, Fluffy Mashed Potatoes) Raisin and Orange Pie Coffee Tea	22. Orange Juice Sausages Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Mushroom Soup Shredded Cabbage, Carrot and Watercress Salad Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Hamburgers Hot Mustard Sauce Mashed Potatoes Peas Steamed Graham Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
8. Orange Sections Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Baked Sausages Brown Gravy Mustard Pickles Lyonnaise Potatoes Vanilla Rennet Custard Cakes Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Brown Gravy Glazed Parsnips Scalloped Tomatoes Maple Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	23. (Good Friday) Prepared Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Scrambled Eggs Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Sardine Salad Toasted Biscuits Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Fish and Chips Tartare Sauce Tomato Jelly Salad Orange Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
9. Tomato Juice Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Poached Eggs Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Bean Patties with Parsley Sauce Brown Bread Head Lettuce Salad Canned Peas Tea Cocoa	Broiled Fish Steaks Tartare Sauce Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Blanchmange with Diced Oranges Coffee Tea	24. Stewed Prunes (cook enough for Sunday) Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Turnips with Sausage Perry Cup Cakes (use left-over berries from Friday) Tea Coffee	Oven-cooked Round Steak Boiled Potatoes Corn Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
10. Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Tomato Soup Sliced Bologna Potato Salad Baked Apple with Cream Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Creamed Potatoes Baked Buttered Onions Doughnut Surprise Coffee Tea	25. (Easter Sunday) Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Vegetable Chowder Crackers Prunes, Orange and Cheese Salad Butterscotch Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Carrots and Celery Green Salad Chocolate Cream Pie Coffee Tea
11. (Sunday) Diced Oranges Sausages Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Mexican Eggs Hot Finger Rolls Plain Cake with Hot Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Stuffed Spare ribs Baked Potatoes Creamed Celery Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea	26. Sliced Oranges Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Chicken and Rice Croquettes Tomato Soup Sauce Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Molasses Apple Betty Coffee Tea
12. Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Brown Toast Fruit Cup Orange Bread Tea Cocoa	Hot Veal Loaf Brown Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Peas Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	27. Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Parsley Omelet Brown Toast Rhubarb (cook enough for Wednesday) Tea Spice Cake Cocoa	Hot Baked Cottage Roll Creamed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Quick Maple Pudding Coffee Tea
13. Stewed Apples Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Creamed Potatoes Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Cold Sliced Veal Loaf Rice and Cheese Casserole Green Peas Steamed Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea	28. Rhubarb Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Coffee Tea	Creamed Pilchards on Toast Sliced Oranges Cake Tea Cocoa	Consommé Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Potato Cakes Scalloped Tomatoes Chocolate Mint Blanchmange Coffee Tea
14. Orange Halves Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Dill Pickles Prickly Pears Tea Cocoa	Devised Pilchards in Pastry Shells Parsley Potatoes Spinach Cornstarch Pudding with Canned Peach Halves Coffee Tea	29. Tomato Juice Creamed Diced Cottage Roll on Toast Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Croutons Fresh Vegetable Salad Crackers Tea Cheese Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Sliced Pickled Beets Peach Custard Coffee Tea
15. Canned Berries Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Cheese and Tomato Sandwich Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Maraschino Oranges Sponge Cakes Coffee Tea	30. Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Tea	Tomato Cocktail Scalloped Corn Bran Muffins Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes Asparagus Rhubarb and Raisin Tarts Coffee Tea

Recipes for many of these dishes will
be found in this issue.

Apple and Prune Compote — mixture
of stewed apples and prunes.

Cherry Cobbler — batter poured over
drained canned cherries and baked.

Tartare Sauce — mayonnaise with
addition of chopped pickle and parsley.

Devilled Pilchards on Toast

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cans of pilchard (7¾ oz. cans)
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or dripping
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
- ¾ Cupful of tomato catsup or well-seasoned tomato sauce
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Few grains of paprika
- Dash of cayenne or tabasco

Drain the oil from the fish, remove the bones and skin and separate into flakes. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Melt the butter, add the chopped onion and green pepper and cook gently for five minutes. Add the catsup or sauce and cook for two minutes more. Add the seasonings and the flaked fish, cook until piping hot, stirring constantly. Serve at once on hot toast.

Cheese And Tomato Sandwich

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Can of tomato soup
- 1 Cupful of cheese, grated
- 1 Egg

Heat the condensed tomato soup in a double boiler. Add the grated cheese and stir until melted, then add the egg and cook for a few minutes. Cool before spreading between buttered bread, then toast and serve piping hot with or without parsley for garnish.

Mexican Eggs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild-flavored dripping
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- 1 Medium green pepper, finely chopped
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- ¼ Cupful of finely chopped celery
- 2 Cupfuls of sieved tomatoes
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of chili powder
- Eggs

Melt the dripping, add the minced onion and chopped green pepper and cook until the onion is tender and faintly browned. Blend in the flour and add the celery, tomato pulp, salt and chili powder. Simmer, stirring occasionally, until the celery is cooked, adding water if the mixture becomes too thick. Pour over soft-poached or scrambled eggs and serve with toast.

Vegetable Chowder

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Can of condensed vegetable soup
- 1 Can of condensed pea soup
- 1½ Cans of milk or ¾ can of canned evaporated milk and ¾ can of water

Combine all the ingredients and stir until well blended. Heat thoroughly and serve at once. Four servings.

Noodles With Chicken-Asparagus Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Can of condensed asparagus soup
- 1 Can of condensed chicken soup
- ¾ Cupful of milk or ½ cupful of canned evaporated milk and ½ cupful of water
- 1 Cupful of cooked chicken or veal (cut in ¾-inch cubes)
- 5 Cupfuls of drained hot noodles (2½ cupfuls uncooked and broken into 1-inch pieces)
- 3-4 Hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Mix the asparagus and chicken soups together in a saucepan. Add the milk and blend until smooth. Add the diced chicken or veal, then heat thoroughly but do not boil. Pile the noodles in a serving dish and place the egg slices on top. Serve with the hot sauce. 6-8 servings.

Doughnut Surprise

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Split the doughnuts in halves and pile well-seasoned cottage cheese generously over the top. Place a half prune in the centre and fill the cavity with cottage cheese. On individual dessert plates arrange crisp lettuce, doughnut halves and whole prunes for garnish.

Prickly Pears

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Drain canned pear halves and roll in lightly crushed cornflakes. Place in a baking dish and heat in a moderate oven. Serve with a sauce made by heating the juice from the pears with an equal amount of maple syrup. Or with a sauce made by melting two squares of sweet chocolate in one cupful of the pear syrup.

Oranges Maraschino

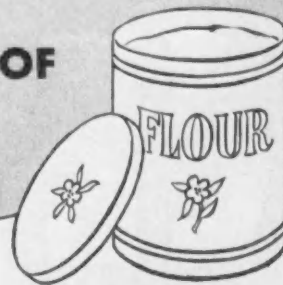
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Medium-sized seedless oranges
- 1 Cupful of water
- ½ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of syrup from maraschino cherries

Peel and slice or quarter the oranges, removing the membrane. Cook the sugar and water for five minutes and add the maraschino syrup, then pour, boiling hot, over the oranges. Cool, cover and store in the refrigerator for several hours before serving. +

THERE'S PLENTY OF

Flour



Bake this MAGIC Meatless Egg Roll — It's delicious

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cups flour | 4 tbs. milk |
| 4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder | 2 tsp. lemon juice |
| ½ tsp. salt | 3 tsp. finely chopped onion |
| 4 tbs. shortening | 2 tbs. chopped parsley |
| 1 egg | 2 tbs. chopped green pepper |
| ½ cup milk | 1 tsp. dry mustard |
| 5 hard-boiled eggs | Salt, pepper, paprika |

Sift together first 3 ingredients. Add shortening; mix in well with fork. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup; add milk to make ¾ cup; add to first mixture. Roll on floured board in sheet 8 inches long and about ¼ inch thick. Chop hard-boiled eggs and mix with remaining ingredients. Spread evenly on dough. Roll up like jelly roll. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) for about 30 minutes. Serve in slices with well seasoned cream sauce or cheese sauce.

MAGIC MENU-OF-THE-MOMENT

Magic Egg Roll
Baked Squash
Cole Slaw
Stewed Pears
Cookies

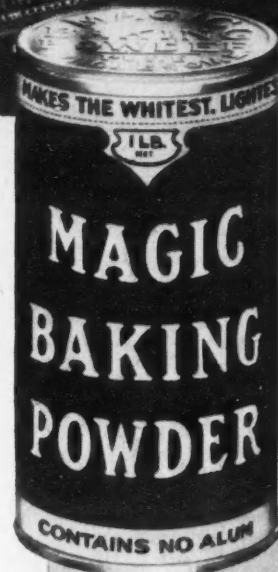
Serves: 6
Estimated Cost: 82¢



HERE'S a meatless baked dish made of easy-to-get ingredients. And so well seasoned and tasty that lips start smacking around the table at the very first bite!

It's deliciously light and flaky, because it's made with Magic. With Magic you *know* baked dishes, cakes and biscuits will be tender and fine-textured . . . that's what Magic's famous for. It ensures baking success—protects flavor, saves precious ingredients. Get Magic today, it's the favorite of 3 out of 4 Canadian women!

MADE IN CANADA



H.P. RATION-GRAM

Fish Croquettes

The French call them "CROQUETTES" . . . the English call them "fish cakes". But regardless of what you want to call them, here's a new "ration-saver" recipe that the whole family will like.

Mix 9 medium-sized, cooked, mashed potatoes with 1½ cups of shredded codfish, ¾ of a cup of milk, 2 beaten eggs and 1 tablespoon of H. P. Sauce. Form into small cakes and fry in fat until golden brown.

Be sure to use H. P. You'll be surprised at the appetizing difference this fine, old English thick sauce gives to foods. People the world over will tell you what a difference a dash of H. P. Sauce makes when served with meats, fish, stews, salads, fowl, soups, etc.

Compiled for the HOMEMAKERS OF CANADA

The LUNCH BOX and FOOD SAVER BOOK

If you pack a lunch or feed a family, send today for this valuable new 68-page book compiled by the noted cookery and meal planning authority, Ann Adam. Contains pages and pages of practical ideas for putting refreshing variety and extra nourishment into the lunch-box PLUS literally scores of tested recipes for transforming today's leftovers into delicious meals for tomorrow.

Published in support of the government nutrition program and in the interests of national food conservation, this new book is offered to you at a fraction of its cost. For your copy, post paid, send only 10c. along with your name and address PLAINLY PRINTED to—

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Hurry-Up Dishes

Continued from page 59

Chop the green pepper, put in a frying pan with the butter and cook until a golden brown. Fry the sausages until well browned, then slice crosswise, and add to the pepper. Add the remaining ingredients and turn into a greased casserole. Bake in a slow oven—325 deg. Fahr.—for about 30 minutes or until a silver knife inserted into the centre of the mixture comes out clean.

Turnips With Sausage

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Place well-seasoned mashed turnips in the bottom of a baking dish. Dot the top generously with pieces of fresh-cooked or left-over sausage. Put in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until piping hot. Serve at once.

Browned Hash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of minced cooked meat
- 1½ Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
- 1 Teaspoonful of grated onion
- 1 Teaspoonful of prepared horse-radish
- 1 Egg
- Left-over soup or gravy or canned tomato juice
- Salt and pepper

Mix the meat and potatoes, add the onion, horse-radish and the beaten egg. Add enough liquid to make a mixture that will pack, and season to taste. Melt half a tablespoonful of dripping in the frying pan and spread the mixture evenly. Cook over low heat so that the hash browns evenly. When heated through and nicely browned, fold over like an omelet and turn onto a warm platter. Serve with tomato sauce, tomato catsup or chili sauce and a garnish of parsley.

Codfish Molds With Cream of Tomato Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of milk or ½ cupful of canned evaporated milk and ½ cupful of water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ⅛ Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1 Egg, beaten
- 2 Cupfuls of cooked cod, flaked
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and stir until well blended. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until thick and smooth, then add the seasonings. Pour part of this sauce slowly into the beaten egg, mixing well. Add the rest of the sauce and cook for three minutes longer. Combine the sauce with the fish which has been sprinkled with the lemon juice. Put into a greased casserole or individual custard cups, place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for about 30 to 35 minutes. Serve unmolded with tomato soup sauce, garnished with parsley. Eight servings.

✦ Continued on next page

WASTE IS SABOTAGE!



Food is "vital war material"—let's not waste it. Electric power is essential to Canada's war industry—let's not misuse it. Waste in a single home may not directly affect Canada's war effort, but waste in many homes can seriously cripple it. Let's all help Canada now—by preventing waste in every form!



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HEATERS
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MY FAMILY CALL ME
QUEEN OF THE B's



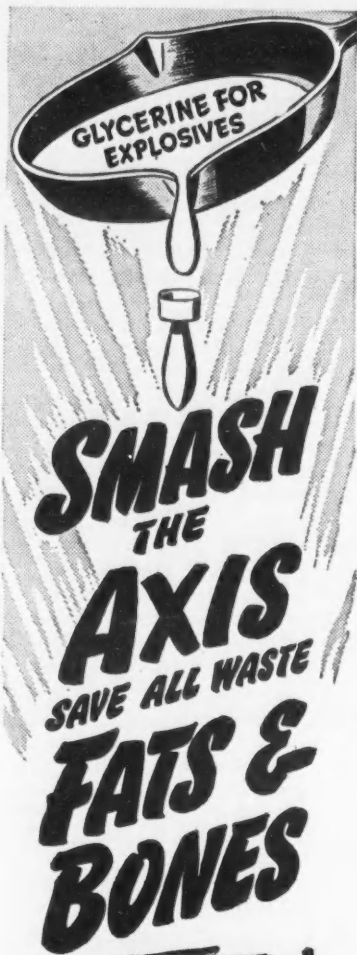
"Of course my family are up-to-date in matters of health and nutrition. They know that the system requires a daily supply of the Vitamin B, which is lacking in the average meal.

We believe in good health and happiness so much that we never fail to take our Vitamin B in the easy, tasty way... "TONIK" Wheat Germ!

Since it was I who first introduced this natural form of Vitamin B to my family, they call me "Queen of the B's" now. Frankly, I think it's "TONIK" Wheat Germ that deserves the title, because it's "TONIK" Wheat Germ that has given my family such a grand feeling of joyous good health! The Vitamin B in "TONIK" Wheat Germ aids their digestion—steadies their nerves—makes them sleep better! As a result my family is always full of pep and vigor... ready for anything.

And "TONIK" Wheat Germ costs so very little."

43-3M



HERE'S WHAT TO DO

- 1 You can take your fat drippings, scrap fat and bones to your meat dealer. He will pay you the established price for the dripping and the scrap fat. If you wish, you can turn this money over to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee or Registered Local War Charity, or—
- 2 You can donate your fat dripping, scrap fat and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee if they collect them in your community, or—
- 3 You can continue to place out your Fats and Bones for collection by your Street Cleaning Department where such a system is in effect.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES
NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION

TRAIN-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

Lighten Your Skin by using Mercolized Wax Cream

Bleach your skin to a whiter, clearer, more attractive appearance with Mercolized Wax Cream. Just use this fragrant Skin Bleach and Beautifier daily as directed to flake off dull, darkened superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. It unmasks the newer, lighter, younger looking skin beneath. Mercolized Wax Cream makes your complexion look fairer, fresher and lovelier.
SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily.
PHELACTINE DEPILOTORY removes unsightly facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.



April Clean-up By Helen G. Campbell

WHERE DOES all the dirt come from? It must be the Gremlins that bespatter our windowpanes, put smudges on the furniture and fingermarks on the walls. And surely no one but these little people could hide so much dust behind radiators and in out-of-the-way corners. Well, now is the time to get after them—and all their works. A good spring-cleaning will show them who's boss of the house—for a little while anyway.

Begin by checking over your equipment and supplies and laying in a stock of the essentials—soaps, cleansers, cleaning cloths, mops, brooms, brushes and so on—then, instead of turning the whole place upside down, concentrate on one room at a time, working from the top of the house down.

The Attic—Here is the place to launch your spring offensive. Uncared-for storage rooms are great hideouts for moths as well as catch-alls for all sorts of things that would provide much-needed salvage—cast-off clothing, old rubber, hardware and metals. Or perhaps you will find an out-of-style chair, a table, or some other oddment which can be revamped and reclaimed for use again. So turn out chests and boxes, go over their contents and get rid of all the junk you can; you'll never miss it and the clean-up next year will be less of a chore.

Do a thorough job of dusting, cleaning and airing, then you're ready for a gradual descent from floor to floor, causing brightness to flourish behind you in every room.

Window Washing — There are special preparations to squirt or rub on the glass and make window cleaning perfectly painless. Or you can use a non-scratch cleanser in cake or powder form, putting a thin coating over the pane, let dry, then wipe off and rub to put a shine on. If you use water for window cleaning, don't add soap, but put in a few drops of ammonia or blueing for sparkle. One pane at a time is good going.

Venetian Blinds—Lower the blind full length and adjust the slats to a horizontal position. Run a special many-fingered, soft-bristled brush along the slats until you have dusted them all. For tapes use a whisk or stiffer brush, and if they've become quite soiled they may be freshened with a good upholstery or dry cleaner. Clean blinds before washing windows, then draw them up to the top out of the way.

Draperies — The cleaning attach-

You've never tasted better muffins!



KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN RAISIN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening	½ cup milk
½ cup corn syrup	1 cup flour
1 egg	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran	2 ½ teaspoons baking powder
	½ cup raisins

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture along with the raisins and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or
12 small muffins (2 ½ inches in diameter).

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

What a difference in muffins when they're made with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! No ordinary bran could ever give you that grand flavor, inviting texture. And there's another excellent reason for eating ALL-BRAN. It corrects the cause of constipation due to the lack of proper "bulk"-forming material in your diet. To keep regular, better try this "better way" . . . eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every day.



Keeps You
Regular...

...NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages; restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"

Tested and Approved by
Chatelaine Institute
Chatelaine Magazine

ICE

KEEPS FOOD FIT



TO KEEP YOU FIT

Shortages and rationing make your weekly food supply worth its weight in gold! See that you secure full value from the food you buy. Make Ice your constant protection against spoilage and waste—your daily assurance that the food you serve your family retains all its precious vitamins and minerals to sustain and build energy. Save food—save money—save health—with Ice!



Investigate the new 1943 Ice Refrigerators. They are attractive in appearance—efficient in operation. One in your home will help prevent food spoilage and waste—a national necessity.

DO YOU KNOW . . .

that Canadian Ice Dealers are supplying ice daily to refrigerate the thousands of railway cars in transit from coast to coast. These cars are carrying perishable food for home consumption and for export to Great Britain. Ice keeps food safe!

Members of
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Land of the Maple

THREE CHEERS and a tiger for the good old emblem any time, and an extra one in the spring when fresh maple syrup makes its annual appearance.

Here's a natural sweet with a fine, honest-to-Betsy flavor. With hot biscuits, graham gems, homemade rolls, bran muffins, Johnny cake or pancakes, it makes a mouth-watering easy dessert. It's grand drizzled over grapefruit, and used in the make-up of simple dishes it turns them into something quite ritzy.

Maple Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of maple syrup
- 1 Cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of cornstarch
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- 1 Teaspoonful of butter or shortening

Combine the maple syrup, water and salt and heat to the boiling point. Blend the cornstarch with the cold water and add to the boiling syrup, stirring constantly until it thickens. Add the butter, and if shortening is used, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful of additional salt. Use as a sauce for plain puddings—steamed pudding, cereal pudding, cup cakes, etc.

Quick Maple Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of shortening
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of sifted flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of maple syrup

Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Beat the egg and combine with the first mixture. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together two or three times and add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Heat the maple syrup to boiling and pour into a baking dish. Pour the batter into the syrup and bake for about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—until nicely browned. Turn out on a serving plate and serve with plain cream. Six servings.

Maple Bread Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Slices of brown bread, cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips

NUGGET MAKES THE FOOTWEAR LAST — AND SURE DOES PUT A SHINE ON FAST



BLACK, BLUE and ALL SHADES of BROWN

Your
FAVOURITE SYRUP
NOW in *Battle Dress!*



THE NEW
3 1/2 lb.
GLASS
BOTTLE

WAR-TIME has depleted the tin supply—so glass replaces it. The delicious flavour and fine quality remain the same as ever... always deserving your choice and preference.

CROWN BRAND SYRUP

One of the famous products of
The CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited

- $1\frac{1}{3}$ Cupfuls of maple syrup
- 2 Eggs, well beaten
- $1\frac{3}{8}$ Cupfuls of milk or $\frac{5}{6}$ cupful of canned evaporated milk and $\frac{5}{6}$ cupful of water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt

Boil the syrup for ten minutes. Remove from the heat. Dip the bread strips in the syrup and arrange in layers in a buttered baking dish, each layer running in the opposite direction to the one before. Cover with a custard mixture made of the remaining syrup, eggs, milk and salt. Bake in a shallow pan of warm water at 350 deg. Fahr. for one hour or until set. Serve with thin cream. Six servings.

Maple Blancmange

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of milk or $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of canned evaporated milk and $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of water
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch (scant)
- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of maple syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt

Heat $1\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls of milk in a double boiler. Blend the cornstarch with $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cold milk and add slowly to the scalded milk, stirring constantly until it thickens. Cook for five minutes. Beat the egg and add some of the hot mixture to this, return all to the double boiler and cook one minute longer. Pour into cool wet molds. Chill and serve with cream.

Variation: Add the egg yolk only and fold the stiffly beaten white into the finished pudding while still hot. +

Attention, Good Providers!

IT'S EARLY—but not too early—to settle next season's canning program. We're asked this year to use more forethought than ever so that there will be enough sugar to go round, and it will be in the right spots when the actual canning time is upon us.

This year it's more important than ever that every bit of fruit, even the wild berries, be packed safely away for next winter's use. And more necessary that as much as possible be done at home because of the shortage of tin and the difficulties of transportation. So begin thinking about it now. Anyway house-cleaning time is as good a time as any to check up on your full jars left over and your empties on hand. Did you do enough last year to see the family through the winter? If so you'll know about how much you'll need this year and can reckon your requirements accordingly. Do you need more jars? New quart sealers, metal and rubber rings will be available and there will be enough tin cans for those equipped with sealing machines. There'll be paraffin wax for your jelly glasses too, so they needn't go without protective covering.

To estimate the sugar required, first decide how much fruit you'll need and how much you can properly store. Then multiply the number of quarts of canned fruits by $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sugar and the number of quarts of jam or jelly by $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of sugar. Add the two results for your total—and that's all there is to it. Remember, though, to fill in your "application for canning sugar" before April 15. +



COUGHS & COLDS

that delay the day of reckoning

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Coughs and colds are all-out allies of the Axis, postponing the day of Victory by cutting down our production of tanks, guns, planes. Don't let them sabotage your war effort. At the first sign of a cough or cold, take Buckley's Mixture and stay on the job. This grand prescription routs coughs and colds F.A.S.T., keeps you FIT TO DO YOUR BIT. The new improved Buckley formula is all medication—no syrup—acts faster—goes farther. 40c & 75c everywhere. Get a bottle TODAY.

Buy Buckley's
and take your change in
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Noted Doctor's Relief Does It Fast!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns. Separate Medications included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a few cents an application.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

How to Relieve 'PERIODIC'

FEMALE PAIN



And Help Build Up Resistance Against It!

If you, like so many women and girls suffer from cramps, headaches, back-ache, weakness, distress of "irregularities", periods of the blues—due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at once—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This well known liquid not only helps relieve monthly pain but also tired, weak, nervous feelings. This is because of the soothing effect of its effective roots and herbs on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS.

Taken regularly — Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Thousands upon thousands of women have reported many benefits. Also a fine stomach tonic. Worth trying! Made in Canada.

chop the onion and add both to the melted dripping. Heat until the onion is lightly browned and the meat seared on all sides. Add the kidneys with the dressing in which they were standing, brown slightly, add the water or stock, cover and simmer until the meat is tender (1½ to 2 hours). Add more liquid during the cooking if necessary. Put the meat into a casserole or meat pie dish, thicken the liquid in the pan with the flour which has been mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water, or pour it over the meat in the casserole. Cover with pastry or biscuit dough and place in a hot oven until the crust is baked and nicely browned. This amount makes eight servings.

Kidney Creole

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of veal or beef kidney
- Whole wheat flour (or white flour)
- 1/3 Cupful of mild flavored dripping
- 1/3 Cupful of chopped onion
- 1/4 Cupful of chopped green pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes

Remove the fat and tubes from the kidney, split through the centre lengthwise, and soak in cold salted water for 30 minutes to one hour. Drain, then cut into small pieces—about ½-inch square—and roll in the flour. Brown slowly in the hot dripping, stirring to prevent sticking. Add the onion and green pepper and brown them slowly. Add the salt, pepper and tomatoes. Cover the pan and let simmer over a low flame for about 30 minutes, or until the kidney is tender.

Kidneys En Casserole

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Pork kidneys
- 2 Medium carrots
- 3 Medium potatoes
- 2 Small onions, chopped
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 1/2 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes

Remove any fat and veins from the kidneys, split them lengthwise, and soak in slightly salted cold water for 30 minutes. Drain, cover with boiling water and simmer for twenty minutes or until almost tender. Place in a casserole with alternate layers of sliced carrots, cubed potatoes, chopped onion and parsley. Season with salt and pepper and cover all with the tomatoes. Cover and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for one hour. Six servings.

Broiled Kidneys

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Veal kidneys or 12 lambs' kidneys
- 1/4 Cupful of French dressing
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Split the kidneys in half lengthwise and remove the tubes and fat. Cover with cold water and let stand for 30 minutes. Drain and dry thoroughly, then dip in French dressing, place on well-greased broiler and broil for 10 minutes, turning to brown on both sides. Place on a platter and dot with butter. Six servings. ♦

Would you believe it... they're the same age!



Does your skin make you look older than you are?

Look at the difference in the women pictured above! That's how your skin may add years to your real age!

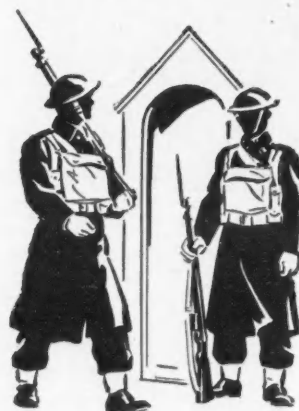
If you're worrying about your complexion, if it gives the impression that you're older than you are, don't be discouraged! Start today to give your skin special care with the remarkable cream so many women are raving about—the new-type Noxzema Cold Cream.

Notice the difference!

The first time you apply this new Noxzema Cold Cream you can tell something different is happening; your skin feels cool, tingling; your entire face feels stimulated.

The reason Noxzema Cold Cream is so beneficial in action is this: it contains special soothing, freshening ingredients not found in other leading beauty creams. That's why it gives such different results—not only cleanses the skin so thoroughly but leaves it looking and feeling so fresh, invigorated.

Get the new Noxzema Cold Cream at any beauty counter and start using it today. See if you don't notice a thrilling difference in the appearance of your complexion. 17¢, 29¢, and 55¢ sizes.



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"Sure — all the comforts — including Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

Beauty at ease —AT WORK



ELFIN 2920



ARIETTA 2954

● A bras that gives that smooth youthful uplift and separation, caressing ever so gently soft and uncertain flesh into the lovely mould of youth. Just the control you need in your work for Victory.

GM-43-3

GOTHIC
Cordtex
PATENTED
TYPED TO SIZE

ments of your vacuum cleaner make lighter work of this job. Draw the suction brush slowly downward in straight, even strokes until you have gone over all the surface. Without this equipment, the best plan is to take down your curtains, carry them outside and brush by hand, using a brush with medium bristles. If you are storing draperies for the summer, have them thoroughly cleaned, add a good moth preventive, and pack carefully in boxes or bundles well sealed against invasion by these pests.

Glazed Chintz—Shake or brush to remove loose dust, then wipe with a dry cloth or one lightly dampened in clear water. For very soiled chintz try mild soapsuds to which a little borax is added. Apply it carefully and gently, without rubbing or wetting the material too much. Then wipe off with a cloth dipped in clear water and wrung out well. Finally wipe with a dry soft cloth. If curtains have lost their glaze by repeated cleaning, they can be crisped and freshened by washing and heavy starching.

Lamp Shades — Dust silk and pleated parchment shades with a soft brush. Wipe smooth parchment with a cloth and use a brush on the trimmings. If your shade is dingy, it can be washed in soap and water, using plenty of lukewarm suds and plunging the shade up and down into it. Rinse by the same plunging motion in two or three waters. Wipe quickly and dry the shade quickly in the air, suspending it so that the bottom wire does not become rusted. You could tie it to the clothes line or rest on some sort of stand.

Wash light bulbs too, but be sure to hold them by the metal screw and don't put that part in the water.

Pillows—When a pillow needs washing it can go into rich, lukewarm suds in the tub or washing machine. Souse up and down or run the machine a few minutes. Use fresh suds if necessary and go over any soiled parts in the ticking with a soft brush. Rinse in two or three lukewarm waters, then hang to dry in a good current of air, but not in strong sunlight. Shake occasionally as the pillow is drying.

Wash pillows on a fine warm day when a good wind is blowing—to dry as quickly as possible and liven the feathers.

If you prefer to wash ticking and filling separately, rip a small opening at one end and leave a similar one in the end of an ample-sized cheesecloth bag. Stitch the two openings together and transfer the feathers from pillow to bag. Rip apart and stitch the opening of the bag. Wash. Put the ticking—without shaking—into the waiting suds and wash and rinse well. When feathers are dry, return them to the ticking in the same way you removed them.

Wallpaper—To remove grease spots, make a thick paste of fuller's earth and any good noninflammable dry-cleaning fluid. Use a flexible knife or spatula and spread over the spot, leaving it on for several hours. Brush off lightly and, if necessary, make a second application. If a ring is left on the paper afterward, use a paste of fuller's earth and water, wiping off when quite dry.

Radiators—Use your vacuum cleaner attachment to remove loose dust. Then spread a dampened newspaper underneath and cover the "rad" with a damp cloth. Dust with a long-handled narrow brush designed for just this purpose. ♦

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Perfumes are still available in your favourite stores — thanks to fortunate foresight. These gay yet subtle, perfumes are a hallmark of sophisticated smartness everywhere — a signature of good taste — for giving, for enjoying...



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Try Kidney

By Helen G. Campbell

IT'S AN ill wind that doesn't bring something good in its wake. Having to trim down our menus to wartime simplicity works out to the advantage of the budget and to the benefit of our health. And going easy on some of our favorite cuts of meat has brought other flavors to the fore and given the main course new variety.

Kidneys are a good bet for that something different. They're plentiful, inexpensive and rich in food value. Here's the proof that they can be delicious too.

Buy kidneys fresh and use them promptly. To prepare, wash in cold water, scald and take off the outer membranes. Then split, remove the fat, cord and vein and let soak for one-half hour. They're improved if you let them stand in a well-seasoned French dressing—two parts of vinegar to one part of salad oil—before cooking.

Mexican Kidney Stew

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Beef kidney
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Thick slice of bacon
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of the suet from the kidney, chopped
- 4 Small onions
- 1 Green pepper
- 2 Cupfuls of canned tomatoes
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ⅛ Teaspoonful of cayenne
- ⅛ Teaspoonful of curry powder

Wash the kidney, soak in cold salted water for ¾-1 hour. Drain and cut into ¾-inch slices. Dredge with the flour. Chop the bacon and fry it and the suet in a deep saucepan, add the dredged kidneys and the chopped onions and pepper and heat until the meat is seared. Add the tomatoes and seasonings, cover closely and simmer for three-quarters of an hour or until the meat is tender.

Beefsteak and Kidney Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of round or chuck steak
- 2 Beef kidneys; approximately one pound
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of oil or melted fat
- 1 Medium onion
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of dripping
- 3-4 Cupfuls of water or stock (meat or vegetable)
- 3-4 Tablespoonfuls of flour

Prepare the kidneys by washing in cold water, scalding and removing the skin. Split and remove the veins, cords and fat and soak for thirty minutes in cold water. Drain and cut into small cubes. Combine the salt, pepper, parsley, vinegar, sauce and oil, add the cubed kidneys, stir well and allow to stand for half an hour. In the meantime cut the beefsteak into ¾-inch cubes,

MOTHERS Don't let frequent COLDS

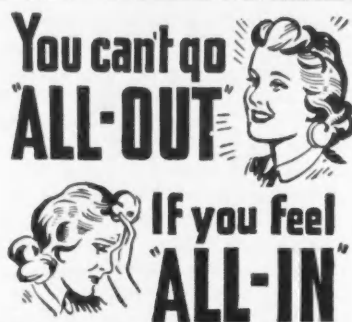
Endanger your
children



**NEW FASTER-PENETRATING RUB
Gives 3-way relief—clears the
head, loosens the cough, breaks
up croupy congestion overnight.**

When your child gets a cold, get it under control faster with this different—better—more highly medicated rub, made by the makers of Buckley's Mixture. Just massage chest, back and throat with Buckley's White Rub. Its fast, soothing action clears the stuffed-up head; breaks up croupy congestion; loosens the hard cough; makes breathing easy; brings soothing comfort to raw, irritated throats. Buckley's White Rub must give relief in less time than any rub you have ever used or money back. Price 30c and 50c.

*Buy Buckley's
and take your change in
War Savings Stamps*



These days most people are working harder, worrying more, sleeping less. This strain on body and brain makes physical fitness easier to lose—harder to regain. Today's tense living lowers resistance—increases body and mental fatigue. Overwork; hasty meals; irregular hours; worry—any of these may upset proper kidney action. When kidneys get out of order, excess acids and poisons remain in the system. Then backache, headache, rheumatic pain, disturbed rest or that "tired-all-the-time" feeling may soon follow. To help keep your kidneys in good order—to help guard against physical let-down—use Dodd's Kidney Pills, for over half a century a favourite remedy for faulty kidneys. Ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills at any drug counter. Look for the blue box with the red band. 126

Dodd's Kidney Pills

old. However, he can start having indoor airings at the age of four weeks. To do this, dress him as for out of doors, put him in his cot with some extra blankets on, open the window wide and close the door. For the first day, fifteen minutes is enough. If he reacts well, that is if his cheeks become rosy and his hands and feet stay warm, you can increase the airing fifteen minutes per day until he is being aired for two hours. Then at the age of six weeks he can have his first outdoor airing. As with the indoor ones, it should be short the first day and then gradually lengthened until he sleeps outside both morning and afternoon. He sleeps much better outside than inside in the daytime. On very blowy or rainy days, you should keep him in and give him an indoor airing. In the fairly damp climate of eastern Canada, when the temperature falls below 15 deg. Fahr. above zero you should keep him indoors. In the drier climate of western Canada



In early spring the sun begins to be very valuable for baby . . .

many babies sleep outside when the temperature is down to zero. Ask your doctor what you should do in this regard.

IT IS important, too, to give your baby sunbaths. About the first of March, the sun begins to be very valuable for baby. He should have his sunbath between twelve and two o'clock when the sun is at its highest. If he is awake at twelve o'clock, that is a good time. Turn his carriage so he is not looking directly at the sun, as that makes him uncomfortable. His first sunbath should be only about ten minutes long, and when this time is half over turn him on his other side so his other cheek will be exposed. Increase the length of his sunbath three to five minutes each day, until he is out in the sun two hours per day. As the spring days grow warmer you can push back his bonnet, then later take off his mitts. Later on his booties can come off and finally in the warm June days you can expose all of him except the parts covered by his diaper. Get him tanned as early as you can and keep him brown as long as you can in the fall. In the hottest summer days omit his sunbath, but put him in the shade of the house where he is exposed to the blue sky. This skyshine is also beneficial. On the cooler summer days put a cotton bonnet on his head and give him his sunbath before eleven a.m. or after five p.m. (daylight time) when the sun is not so hot.

After his two o'clock feeding, of course, he goes outside to sleep again. When he wakes up he usually comes indoors and he gets his orange juice diluted with water, and his second dose of fish liver oil about half past four. If it suits you better you can bath him at five o'clock instead of in the morning.

FALSE TEETH And True Love

(OR) HOW GERTRUDE GOT HER MAN

*Although Miss Gertrude Gaines
had planned
To wed within the year,
Her gay romance was
nearly wrecked.
The reason? Lend an ear:*



1. Her false teeth, scrub them as she might, Got dingy, dull and dirty. Twixt "Denture Breath" and ruined smile, They made her "old" at thirty.



2. "Get POLIDENT!" her dentist said, "Its no-brush, no scrub action

Make plates and bridges 'look like new,' Gives instant satisfaction."

3. So straightway Gert got POLIDENT. Her wedding? Very nice!

THE MORAL:

All who wear false teeth Should take the same advice!



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POLIDENT
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 40c

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Follow the advice of many modern baby specialists—give your young baby a complete oil bath every day. Daily applications of pure, bland Cuticura Antiseptic Baby Oil will not only keep your baby's skin soft and smooth—but actually help protect it against Diaper Rash, Chafing, Chapping, Dryness and Irritations.

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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



The Daily Routine...

By **Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.**



BESIDES THE right kind of food, your infant, in order to be healthy, happy and strong, must get sufficient sleep, fresh air, sunshine and exercise. It is a great advantage both to you and to your baby to have a regular daily routine. It helps you because you can work in your other



After he has been fed, hold him over your shoulder and pat him gently until he "bubbles"...

activities, and it makes it easier to train the young one, as well as being better for his general health.

We'll say that you are nursing your baby—which is the best kind of feeding he can have. It is about five-forty-five in the afternoon. You are getting him ready for bed before nursing him. You wash his face, put on his nightgown and change him, after having rubbed in a little mineral oil (which can be substituted for the almost unprocurable olive oil) in his creases, dried it off with dry absorbent and then powdered him with a little cornstarch. After washing your hands, you nurse him. Then you hold him up over your left shoulder, pat or rub him gently so that he "burps" or brings up the gas, change him if need be and then put him right to bed. His mattress should be firm. He doesn't need a pillow, but if you like, you can use a small thin one. Don't tuck in the covers too tightly, so that he can move around a bit. In order to keep him from kicking them off, pin them up with giant safety pins or better still hold them up with special snap fasteners that are attached to the head of his cot with elastic.

Well, you put him in bed, open his window (it is a good idea to tack or pin a blanket across the lower part, so that there won't be a direct draught on him), pull the curtains, turn out the light and shut the door, and you and the rest of the household carry on as usual, so that he'll learn to sleep through noise. He will likely cry a little—that should be ignored. If he hollers for half an hour, go up to see if anything is wrong. Change him, hold him up again to see if you can get up some more gas, see that his feet aren't cold, then settle him down again and leave him. Crying won't hurt him,

but if you pick him up whenever he cries, you and he will both be in for a great deal of trouble.

If you are feeding him every four hours, that means that you will pick him up again about 10 o'clock to feed him again. After changing him and putting a dry pad on his bed—incidentally a second diaper folded under him helps to keep the bed drier—you then wash your hands and feed him again. After "bubbling" him over your left shoulder he goes back to bed once more.

AT SIX A.M. he is ready for another meal and you repeat the above performance. In the nice warm spring or summer weather you can put him outdoors to sleep in his carriage after this feeding if you like. The more fresh air, the better. At nine o'clock you waken him, if need be, give him one dose of his fish liver oil and offer him a drink of warm plain boiled water. Don't be upset if he refuses it as he often will. If he is under five months of age, take off everything but his shirt, diaper and stockings, lay him in the centre of a firm bed, where he can't wriggle off, and let him kick for half an hour.

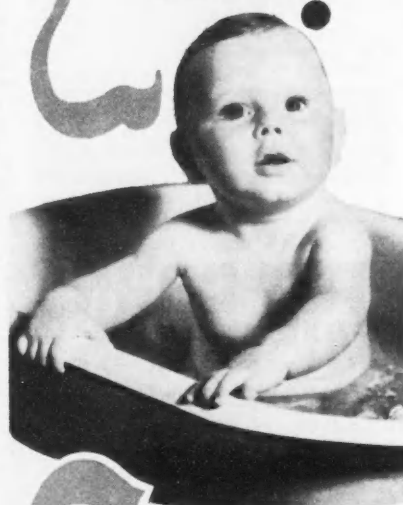
If he is over five months you should give him some regular exercises. Two simple ones are as follows: Lay him on his back on a blanket on a firm small table with his feet toward you. Then you take his hands and raise him to a sitting position two or three times in a row. He will help all he can. For the second exercise, he is placed in the same position and all you do is gently hold his legs so that he can't kick. That just makes him try to kick all the harder. You should only hold his legs for one or two minutes. More exercises are described in Dr. Tisdall's excellent book, "The Home Care of the Infant and Child" (Dent, Toronto). About nine-thirty you give him his bath and then dress him. About ten o'clock he gets his next feeding and then goes outside to sleep in his carriage.

If your baby is born in the summer he can be put outdoors at the age of two weeks. If he is born in the winter, he should not go outside till he is six weeks



If he is over five months old, give him some regular exercises...

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"Yes indeed—Baby's Own Soap is the soap for me! It's pure, gentle and soothing—made especially for my tender skin."

Baby's Own Soap, perfected by over 75 years of scientific research and infinite care in manufacture, has long been known as the safest soap for baby. Doctors and nurses recommend it... you can use it with confidence in its purity.



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WITHOUT SCOURING



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Conversation for Victory

By Lillian D. Millar

"DID YOU hear the broadcast last night about the new Victory Loan? If anyone can tell me how I'm going to buy a bond on top of everything else I have to do with my money—well, I'll say he's a better man than I am!" Kate O'Neill, her head cocked to a knowing angle, grumbled to her friend, Ann Brown.

"I know," said Ann soothingly. "It isn't easy. But then, nothing is easy these days, for anyone, anywhere."

Kate continued to complain, her Irish blue eyes flashing. "But so much comes out of John's pay envelope now, before he ever gets it home. Unemployment insurance and deductible taxes and War Savings Certificates. I have less coming in and everything seems to cost more. How am I going to save for a bond, tell me that?"

"Why don't you put aside Betty's board money? You managed without it before she got her job."

"Well," said Kate, "it's the first money the child has earned, and I didn't want to take anything from her for board."

"But that's not good for her," protested Ann quickly. "She should feel responsible for her own support. If she doesn't learn now how to spend her money wisely, then all through life it will be hard for her."

"Maybe you're right. I have been a bit worried at the foolish things she buys with her money. But then she's only young once."

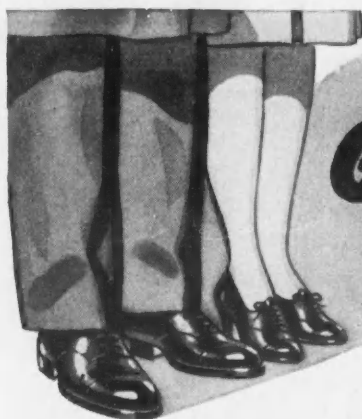
"If you charged her, say, even \$5 a week, you could pay for a \$100 bond in less than five months. That's what I'm going to do with Grace's board money. If you explain, I believe Betty will agree. I remember how eager she was to do something to help, and how she was one of the first girls in our neighborhood to get a war job."

"John may not like the idea, though," put in Kate. "He says he sees so much waste and extravagance down at the place he works, he's not going to deny himself for another bond."

Ann stiffened. "I think he's all wrong," she retorted. "But, even if there were some waste and inefficiency, is it to be wondered at? And are we going to sit down and lose the war just because of that sort of talk? In an emergency, vital things come first, and we have to do the others as best we can. And John's going to find another Victory Bond a mighty handy thing to have after the war—it'll be all ready to help young Bill take his engineering course."

"I see what you mean, Ann," her friend said. "The money we lend now will help to finish up the job fast, and we'll get it back in time to do an important job for our own family. That's an angle John sometimes forgets. But tell me, Ann, if you're going to buy a bond, how are you going to manage?"

"Well, George and Grace are each planning to buy a bond through their offices—so much a week out of their pay. I know I need a new spring coat, but I've decided to fix up my old one and make it do. The money I save there, plus Grace's board money, will pay for a bond of my own. It's up to every individual to work out some such plan." +



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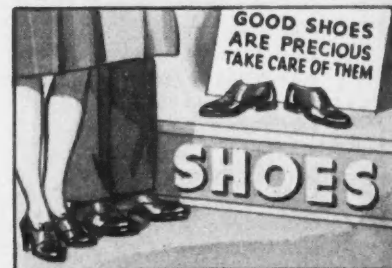


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MADE IN CANADA

Crossroads Hostess

Continued from page 58

write to the mothers of the boys, and many grateful letters are received in reply. It's one thing for a lad to write home and say he is well and happy, but it means a lot to a mother to hear the same news from a third person."

Many problems are overcome in the "matching" of boys with homes, and a high degree of success is testified to by boys and hosts. Numbers of families listed in the book are "Old Country" people, and when possible they are given men from the same locality. Happy is the Lancashire lad who gets into a home where he and his hosts can share memories of the same lanes and villages, not to mention the host, anxiously discovering that the old county or parish hasn't changed much in twenty years.

Boys who enjoy riding are directed to the Riding School where they can hire a horse, or sent to families where the young people ride. Musical men are welcomed by the musicians of the city, and many have been able to take part in church or concert music, through the services of these new friends. The local group of artists, numbering several names well known in Canada and farther, has opened its doors to more than one stranger with talent and training.

The point of all this is that Miss Fairweather understands. . . . She knows that the men have been swept out of their normal environment and thrown into completely strange conditions—mixed until rarely a man has an interest or hobby in common with his nearest mess-mate. She knows how fingers itch for piano or typewriter keys—feet for a stage, or a country road, or a golf green—and she feels the importance of letting them see that all these things still exist.

Not only do the men come from all parts of Canada and Great Britain, but the most remote parts of the Empire are represented, as well as other countries of the United Nations—Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, South American countries, Norway, even the Island of Mauritius. There has been one airman from Istanbul, Turkey. And once five Lascars presented quite a problem. They arrived just at closing time, and although their manners were perfect, they spoke almost no English. Miss Fairweather didn't know how much of our type of food they could eat, or whether they could accept an invitation to a meal. But this resourceful woman remembered a minister of her acquaintance who had been a missionary, and with his advice as to their customs and food, was able to plan some entertainment they could enjoy without embarrassment.

THE BOYS show their appreciation in many ways. We know that, no matter what their pre-war status, they have little money now, and no one expects gifts. But the ones some of them leave are valued beyond anything that could be found in shops. Many make beautifully carved ornaments of wood, lockets, brooches and such things, bearing their service crests; one brilliant young artist went to work in the studio of a new-found friend, and left three fine paintings in local homes. Then there was the newspaper man who had been years in Fleet Street. On his next trip home he wrote a headline article for the *Daily*

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Mirror in praise of Saint John hospitality. Incidentally, about ninety per cent of Saint John boys now in England have written proudly to local newspapers, enclosing a clipping of the same article!

Home hospitality is not the only thing Miss Fairweather has to offer. Seamen are directed to the Seamen's Institute and Navy League headquarters, for games, reading matter and helpful advice; all who want swimming or showers are sent to the Y.M.C.A.; they are put in touch with current dances and entertainments arranged by various organizations, and many theatre tickets are given out, donated by the theatres which also contribute to a transportation fund for "trams" and buses.

In the Hospitality Centre there is no counter-exchange of goods or favors. The only commodity that goes out is sympathetic understanding, offered with discretion and restraint. Even after she has found them a congenial home in the city, the men come back to sit and talk with her, when there is a chance. They show her pictures of home and the family—the dog—"It broke my heart to leave my dog . . ." They tell their troubles, and here is where Miss Fairweather stops talking. "People ask me so often," she says, "if I don't hear many thrilling and tragic stories. I do—but it doesn't seem right to capitalize on their sorrows. These things are so personal, so terrible, some of them, I feel that it is a relief perhaps, to tell them to me—but they're not mine to repeat. Sometimes I can't sleep after hearing the quiet story of tragedy from some boy who is carrying on through unbelievable despair."

A great many men want to know more about Saint John, about Canada and Canadians, and here Alice Fairweather really shines. A descendant of Loyalist and pre-loyalist pioneers, there is little she does not know about the city or province, and her strong national outlook gives them Canada at its best. She feels that to a man who visits one part of Canada only, that bit is Canada, and its people typical Canadians. And at this moment men on all the seas of the world, and in some of the most hotly contested skies, remember Saint John and Alice Fairweather, the friends she found for them, and think that Canada is a pretty nice country, and Canadians mighty fine people.

HERE IS a typical scene at Hospitality Centre: It is closing time; Alice Fairweather is putting away her book. A lone lad comes in, hesitantly. It is late, most of Saint John is already at supper, and it's a bit disconcerting, even to the most willing hostess, to make room for another in the middle of a meal. She herself has an evening engagement. They talk over the current movies and he selects one. She gives him the ticket, with streetcar tickets, and assures him of a "date" for tomorrow, if he will come back in the morning. Drawing on her gloves, she looks thoughtfully after him—"That's too bad, he looks so lonely. I must plan something special for him tomorrow."

And this is what will happen. At perhaps 10.30 that same night Alice will say, "Sorry, is it my bid? I was just wondering—I know! I'll send him out to D—'s, they have a nice place on the river—he'll have a wonderful time there—oh, two hearts!" Her friends won't mind, they all understand—and the game will go much better from there on. ♦



"My dad is so a soldier— even if he isn't in uniform!"

"MY MOM told me so! He was in the last war, but he's too old for this one. But gee, *that doesn't stop him from fighting!* No siree! My Mom says that Dad and all the fellows out at Anaconda are doing a great big job. They're working like 'sons-o-guns' to turn out all the copper for tanks, 'n ships, 'n planes, 'n everything."

Yes, Johnny, turning out the copper and copper alloys necessary for the production of modern war equipment *is* a great, big important job. Today, copper is one of our most needed metals. It is rustless...non-magnetic, durable, a high conductor of electricity and very workable. Because of this combination of important qualities, copper is indispensable in the making of shells, guns, tanks, ships and

planes, as well as innumerable other articles of war equipment.

Your Dad and his bench pals out at Anaconda know this, too! They don't want tragedies resulting from "Too little, too late" resting on their shoulders! They're working harder!... faster!... than ever before. Now they are fabricating four pounds of copper for every pound turned out during normal years! And they are fighting to better this remarkable record.

Yes, Johnny, even though your Dad isn't in uniform, he's fighting. Fighting as hard as he knows how, to make this world a finer place for you and Mom to live in.



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As the Editor Sees It

Spring forsooth! At the moment of writing all we have to go on is (a) the conviction that these blizzards must exhaust themselves some time, and (b) one little encouraging sign two feet from our window, where a gap in the brickwork makes an ideal nesting place for a pair of starlings. Shri! bullies though they are, we welcome them now for the assurance that spring is riding north.

This issue of *Chatelaine* has been designed to put you in a proper mood to welcome the new season. One of the features we're proudest of is that round-up of opinions concerning clothes and good grooming on Pages 8-9. Carolyn Damon says she could have filled at least four pages with the interesting case-histories of those and other smart women's wardrobes. All her interviewees, you'll note, follow a **PLAN** in their assembling of clothes—and that plan makes fullest use of carry-overs from past seasons. Their stories provide subtle proof of one of our long-held notions, i.e., that the most expensive item in a clothes closet is the dress bought, in a last-minute scramble, for an "occasion," and left languishing on the hanger ever after.

Like Mary Louise Robertson (Page 9), Nancy Caudle, one of *Chatelaine's* favorite artists, is an enthusiastic Sunday School worker. As a leader in the Junior Congregation of St. Aidan's Church, Toronto, she has studied modern methods of teaching children the principles of worship and the beauty of simple ritual. As an artist who loves to work with her hands, she has devised elementary art projects for her young charges who, following their special service, are encouraged to reconstruct the Biblical story scene, using plasticine, crayons, etc., according to their ideas and talents. Nancy's own account of this interesting work for and with young people will appear in a forthcoming issue.

Though Sunday School methods have changed, nothing has happened



W. A. Winter and prize painting.



Adele White, our Beauty Editor.

to the good old custom of the Sunday School picnic. For that we are grateful; and for reminding us of the unbroken tradition our thanks go to W. A. Winter, another *Chatelaine* artist, who won the J. W. L. Forster prize for his painting, "Sunday School Picnic," shown at the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. Below you see W. A. and his blue-ribbon baby; on Pages 14-15 you will find a lively example of his technique as an illustrator.

It isn't often that one comes across a landscape gardening expert who also knows her vegetables, but Frances C. Steinhoff, appearing on Page 16, is an interesting exception. Beginners should heed well her advice on what, where and when to plant, before churning up the soil. An "appreciation of the situation," as the Army Staff Officers say, is always important in advance of action, and, in the case of raw recruits to gardening, will prevent waste of seed, time, toil.

Adele White, Chatelaine's Beauty Editor, who was (we thought) properly introduced on this page a couple of months ago, makes a gentle correction. She did not, as we claimed, graduate from St. Hilda's in Toronto; she began her college career there but wound up an alumna of McGill. We hope all those perturbed sorority sisters in Montreal will forgive us . . . Above, we bring you a portrait of Adele in pensive mood. It must have been the day she was deep in Beauty Bottle-necks (see Pages 30-31).

Dorothy Norwich, who "boils down" an important message on Page 19, refers to Lincoln's Gettysburg address and reminds us those few imperishable sentences were delivered in two minutes. Last night a sten-torian voice on the radio declared the Gettysburg speech took not more than four minutes. Will someone, with a stop watch and a copy of the address and a few minutes to spare, please check on this and report back?

That's all for now, but we'll be with you again shortly—with a Getting Married Number for May, the like of which, say we modestly, you haven't seen before.

Mary Etta Macpherson

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Chatelaine

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